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CVIII. THE *Annual Review, and History of Literature; for* 1802. ARTHUR AIKIN; *Editor. Ryl.* 8vo. 1000 *pages.* 11.1s. *Longman and Rees.*

THIS respectable effort," which may be justly deemed as an earnest of greater and still more meritorious exertions, gives us an account of upwards of four hundred and fifty volumes, of various sizes and descriptions. It is distributed into twenty-two chapters, arranged under the following general titles: voyages and travels; theology; history, politics, and statistics; geography; British topography and antiquities; ancient classics; modern languages; education; biography; belles lettres; novels; law; commerce; military tactics; rural economy, agriculture, and gardening; domestic economy; medicine, surgery, anatomy, &c.; general science; mathematics; experimental philosophy; mineralogy and natural history. Each article is introduced by a few observations, and those on the ancient classics possess peculiar merit: we shall transcribe them, the reader will then form some idea both of the extent of the plan and the manner of its execution.

" No study is more pleasing, and few are more instructive, than that of philosophical history. To trace in their causes the rise and progress, the decline and fall, of empires, is an occupation equally interesting to the imagination and improving to the intellect. But the most pleasing employment of history is, perhaps, in relating the origin and advances of the arts, sciences, and civilization. The remains of ancient literature, if regarded only as containing the history of those distant times from which they have descended to us, and affording specimens of the cultivation which they had attained, would preserve a considerable degree of importance; but it cannot be denied, that they have still more forcible claims upon our attention.

" The progress which the ancients had made in science was by no means inconsiderable. The elements of most modern improvements in physical and ethical studies were, perhaps, possessed by the philosophers of Greece and Rome. They left indeed much to be investigated; they often wasted the most powerful efforts in pursuit of devious courses which terminated only in error; but still they opened those paths of science which have since been more successfully traced, and the disciple of modern schools is often surprised at meeting in the works of the ancients with hints of knowledge which he had considered as the exclusive possession of the philosophy of a more recent period.

" The vast importance of ancient literature at the period of its revival, if considered only as a source of scientific instruction, is indisputable. The

world had, for centuries, been almost retrograde in knowledge; and if the tide had been already turned, it was still far below the mark of its former ascent. It was the lot, therefore, of the moderns, in every science to be the scholars of the ancients, and their happiness, at so critical a period, to meet with such instructors.

"They were not backward to acknowledge their obligations and discern their interest. Never was an object sought with greater ardour than the restoration of learning. Italy led the way in this honourable pursuit, and soon communicated the emulation to the adjoining nations.

"The state of things is now greatly changed. Three centuries of vigorous and unintermitted improvement have placed the moderns far above their masters. The relations of space and number have been pursued and applied to an astonishing extent. The general properties of matter have been successfully investigated in theory and extensively applied to practice. Substances are brought to the test of examination which in their usual state are so subtle as to elude the notice of our senses. The earth has been explored to an extent far exceeding the limits of ancient discovery. We are not strangers even in the regions of space. The structure of our own globe has been minutely examined, so far as it is accessible to human industry. Its products have been ingeniously classified, and are thus more easily brought under the mental view. Many of their useful properties have been discovered. Man is far more intimately acquainted with his own nature, both corporeal and intellectual. Even in the intricate regions of metaphysics, something like certainty has been attained. We are taught the strength and weakness of our own faculties, the limits of scepticism and decision, and the first principles which form the postulates of knowledge. The structure and uses of language have been rationally illustrated; the powers of the human mind have been accurately distinguished; the principles of social and individual happiness have been developed with no inconsiderable success, though we are not yet sufficiently wise to make the best application of our discoveries.

"We no longer resort, therefore, to the ancients for instruction in science, because an ordinary proficient in modern education might communicate information to Plato and Aristotle. In defending the importance of classical literature, we must now proceed upon other principles.

"The ancient languages are the keys of ancient history. Within the circuit of the Greek and Latin tongues is preserved by far the principal part of the information which we possess respecting the most interesting portions of the world, from the earliest memorials of history till the decline of ancient civilization.

"In the languages of Greece and Rome, we possess authors of consummate and almost unrivalled excellence in some of the departments of literature, who still remain our best models in their respective branches of composition. If the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle is consigned to neglect, the poetry of Homer and Virgil, the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero, the histories of Herodotus and Thucydides, Livy and Tacitus, still retain an acknowledged pre-eminence.

"The structure of the ancient languages, so different from that of our own, and in many respects so superior, is, alone, a subject of curious and important investigation to the philosophical grammarian.

"One science, especially, will acknowledge its obligations to ancient learning. Some of the most important doctrines connected with the subject of theology, are principally founded on historic facts, the evidence of which is transmitted by authors who have written in the ancient languages.

"Lastly, criticism is capable of becoming a very interesting and engaging employment, as is sufficiently proved by the well known attachment of the votaries of this study to the objects of their pursuit; and where it is not permitted to encroach on the discharge of more serious duties, the pleasure which it affords may surely be regarded as more than an innocent gratification.

"A great revolution has taken place in the importance of classical literature since the time of its revival; the principles of criticism have been both changed and greatly improved within the same period.

"The first object of classical editors was, to communicate to the world,

as speedily as possible, those writings which were then accessible to very few, and were frequently in danger of being lost from the scarcity of copies. Editions were, therefore, often printed from incorrect, and sometimes from single, manuscripts; and no single manuscript, however valuable, is able to afford, in every instance, the genuine text of a writer. 'Illas,' says an early editor of Aristophanes, referring to the two comedies which were wanting in the first editions of that author, 'illas tibi, ut invenimus, minus expolitas, quam nullas tradere maluimus.' These editions have now, in many instances, become rare, and their rarity has often conferred on them a great extrinsic value. Yet they frequently possess a real use, as well as an imaginary importance: they were often printed from manuscripts which are not now known to exist, and are the earliest authorities for some of the readings which they afford.

"The first classical editors were often men who had attained great facility in the use of the learned languages, but they did not, in general, possess either taste or, in some of the departments of learning, knowledge sufficient to enable them to make the best use of the advantages which they enjoyed. Though their labours were highly important and meritorious, they therefore left much to be done by the sagacity of their successors

"Before the conclusion of the sixteenth century, most of the classical authors were repeatedly published. More manuscripts had been gradually consulted, more correct specimens of typography had been produced, and the dawnings of a more liberal and learned criticism began to appear, especially in the works of Casaubon.

"The same progress was continued through the seventeenth century, in which, with many others, appeared the distinguished names of Gronovius and Heinsius.

"A more difficult labour was imposed on succeeding editors. The sources of obvious emendation were, in most instances, anticipated, and the remaining corruptions could, in general, be removed only by the exercise of great skill and great learning. Bentley may be regarded as the father of the present school of criticism, and, in the preface to his Horace, he has thus described the office and difficulties of a modern editor, and defended the temperate exercise of that conjectural criticism which is often necessary, which he himself has frequently applied with the greatest felicity, and which he has sometimes, perhaps, carried to excess. 'Ne id forte nescias, longe longeque difficilius est hodie, quam superioribus erat annis, emendationes conscribere. Ita omnia illa quæ ex scriptorum codicum collatione clare et ultro se ingerebant, præcepta jam sunt et anticipata, neque quidquam fere residuum est, nisi quod ex intima sententiæ vi, et orationis indole, solius ingenii ope sit eruendum.'

"With regard to the present state of classical literature, if great proficients in that branch of learning are now more rare than formerly, their attainments are, at least, of a higher order.

"A modern critic will, indeed, use greater freedom in the estimate of his author's merits, than was permitted by the superstitious admiration with which the ancients were formerly regarded. In the study of their writings, he will not pledge himself to maintain every seeming defect to be a beauty; he will not be unbounded in his panegyric; but the admiration which, after every rational deduction, he will still retain will be more satisfactory, as it is more discriminating; and the benefit which he himself will derive from the exercise of an independent judgment on the models which he copies, will be far greater than that which could result from a blind though intimate familiarity with them.

"The distinctions of style are now much better understood by the enlightened scholar than in the infancy of the critical art. Men of great erudition and talents were formerly very deficient in this attainment, without which they must often be exposed to the danger of error in their emendations. Markland, in the preface to his edition of the Sylva of Statius, well observes, in estimating the critical merits of the elder Gronovius, that to understand with accuracy the Latin language, and the Latin poets, are two very different attainments; to the former of these qualifications, no bet-

ter claim can be advanced than that of Gronovius; the latter of them was, perhaps, scarcely possessed in an eminent degree by any scholar, before the time of Nic. Heinsius, who, from the united taste and erudition which guided his criticism has merited the title of the reviver of the Latin poets.

"The introduction of a spirit of philosophy into historical investigations, united to the advantage of continued research, has greatly extended our knowledge of ancient manners, and afforded, in many instances, fresh illustration to ancient writings.

"Great attention has, of late, been paid to niceties in the use of the learned languages, which were formerly overlooked. Many rules of Greek grammar have been established with such certainty, and rendered so obvious by the labour of modern critics, that we might justly wonder how they could have remained so long unperceived, did not experience continually teach us how much more difficult it is to discover a simple truth than to understand from the instruction of others a remote and complex proposition.

"In one branch of classical erudition, the knowledge of the metres of the ancient poets, there is no competition between the former and the present schools of criticism. It is to be regretted, that even at present we have no treatise on this subject which can be regarded as complete; though we have, undoubtedly, scholars whose acquisitions would enable them easily to supply the want. Without an accurate knowledge of the metrical art, it is impossible that the works of the ancient poets can be successfully restored, for the transcribers were often ignorant of the easiest kinds of metre, and were rarely acquainted with those which are more unusual and difficult. In the manuscripts, therefore, and early editions, violations of the metrical laws perpetually occur. It has been remarked by Brunck, that the restrictions of the metre have been, in a considerable degree, the cause of the preservation of some of the nicer distinctions of the Attic dialect, which are much more frequently confounded in the prose writers, where no such restrictions exist. The importance of an attention to metrical rules, for this and other reasons, is, therefore, obvious.

"A modern editor, while severer duties are imposed on him, possesses, however, some peculiar advantages superior to those of his predecessors. The best manuscripts of the most important authors have now been, in general, collated, and accounts of their variations made public. Some of the ancient lexicographers were first published, and most of the others best edited, during the last century.

"In the present advanced state of learning, a new series of editions of classic authors, accommodated to the improvement of the times, is earnestly to be wished. Many of these have been already executed, and the rest will, in all probability, be gradually completed. No one, however, without incurring the imputation of rashness, can undertake the department of a classical editor, who does not possess leisure, talents, and learning, sufficient for the examination and employment of the remaining means of critical illustration which are applicable to his work. Successfully to establish and illustrate the text of an important author, demands endowments and opportunities of no common occurrence.

"Italy, the country in which learning was first revived, has long ceased to take the lead in any department of science. The literature of Spain has never been very important beyond the boundaries of its own territory. France, though highly distinguished in every form as a literary nation, furnishes only a few names to the catalogue of critics of the first order. These have been chiefly found in England, Germany, and Holland, the countries in which classical literature is now principally cultivated. The last of these countries, though so confined in extent, was, at one period of the last century, so fertile in eminent scholars, especially in Greek learning, that a very learned critic of our own country considered it as in this respect equal or superior to the rest of Europe. From Germany we are now accustomed most frequently to receive our best editions. Our own country furnishes a few honourable exceptions to this observation: long may it continue in every other respect to hold among the nations the distinguished rank which it has hitherto possessed, and deserve to remain, till the remo-

test period, the seat of virtue, liberty, and learning!" p. 515.

We wish the work success, because the plan is liberal, and it is executed with judgment and ability.

CIV. WALKS AND SKETCHES *at the Cape of Good Hope; to which is subjoined, a Journey from Cape-Town to Blettenberg's Bay.* By ROBERT SEMPLE.

(Concluded from page 496.)

The sketch of the slaves is extremely interesting, we meet with it in the third chapter.

"THE SLAVES.

'Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery,
Still, thou art a bitter draught.
Sterne.'

"In presenting even a slight sketch of the Cape, it would be very defective if the slaves occupied no part of it: their numbers, their varieties, their dress, and the manner in which they are in general treated, are subjects not to be passed over in silence; and in some points of view they present, as we shall quickly see, an object which can hardly fail to touch and to interest.

"Domestic slavery has at all times and in all nations been productive of much evil. A pampered slave is insufferably insolent, an oppressed one is constantly trembling and cringing, and by the daily sight of either, the heart of youth is necessarily hardened and depraved. The children of the family mingle with the young slaves: they play with them one moment, and the next they see them beaten and in tears; but, through habit, the child thinks nothing of it, and waits with great coolness till his companion has done weeping to renew his play. Hence too often arises in early youth hardness of heart, a feeling for self alone, and a checking of all the best emotions of human nature. Alas! the best of men, as they advance in life, and behold every day ingratitude, greediness of riches, and selfishness, are but too apt to contract their hearts. What must it be, when the child is reared in insensibility, and is permitted to make of his fellows at once the companions of his sports and the objects of his tyranny and caprice?

"But these reflections belong more properly to our view of the inhabitants and their manners: let us confine ourselves at present to the slave alone. No situation can be more adapted for collecting those of every nation than the Cape of Good Hope. It lies in the very bosom of slavery. On either side of it are extended the coasts of Africa, in every age the mother of an unfortunate race, and all to the eastward, here and there, clusters of islands furnish an endless variety. At the Cape, they are collected into one: there they are no longer merely Malays, or Malabars, or natives of the coast of Mozambique—they are slaves. Let us first take a rapid view of them as such.

"In general, the slaves of the Cape are not ill treated, are well clothed, and well fed: if now and then an instance be found to the contrary, that affects not the general character. A man *may* use his slave ill, but the slaves at the Cape are well treated; or he *may* lodge him badly, but the slaves at the Cape are well lodged; or he *may* half clothe or half feed him, but the slaves of the Cape are well clothed and fully fed.

"In our view of the inhabitants, it may be seen that the slave lodges in general under the same roof as his master. He is fed with what comes from his table, mingling with it, however, a greater proportion of rice. His clothing generally consists of a short blue cloth jacket, a light waistcoat, and loose blue trowsers: on his head, he wears either a coarse hat or a handkerchief, tied round it like a turban, but he is in general without either shoes or stockings; the collar of his shirt is open, and a blue or red handkerchief is tied loosely round his neck. Sometimes, however, you meet a slave beau: his ears are ornamented with rings, a red shawl is wrapped round his neck, a plume of common ostrich feathers waves in his hat, he treads lightly along, nodding his feathers, and looking proudly round him: he is lifted above the ground, and has totally forgot that he is a slave.

"In their marriages they use few or no ceremonies, if indeed the man-

ner in which the male and female slaves associate deserve the name of marriage. No long services engage affection; no priest bestows his benediction on the nuptial bed; no parent gives away his daughter, and assembles his friends on the happy day; slavery lights the marriage torch, slavery leads them, alone and unattended, to the marriage-bed. The husband visits his wife as he can find opportunities; and leaves her when he pleases to take another, without ceremony and without reproach. And what else can be expected, when he knows that he himself is the property of one man, his wife perhaps of another, and his children liable to be given to a third or fourth? It is slavery—it is slavery in all its stages and all its shapes which depraves the mind and debases human nature.

"On the birth of a child, however, maternal affection springs up in the heart of the female slave. She forgets, for a time, her other cares, and begins to experience the solicitudes and the joys of a mother. The child is dressed out, and its head covered with a cap which sits close, and in shape exactly resembles that which we see represented in many of the ancient Egyptian statues. The master looks upon the infant as a new accession of property, and, even if he be at other times severe, now relaxes his authority; hence, great rejoicings, feasts, and dancing, among the slaves, and a night spent in merriment; by degrees, however, all this is forgotten, the feastings are over, and the mother returns to her former occupations. It is in these dances that the slaves shew themselves off to best advantage. The women display much taste and even elegance in their dress, nor are their dances wild, irregular, or unaccompanied with proper music. They are faithful imitators of what they see daily performed among the white inhabitants, and display an easiness of motion and a justness of ear which never fail to surprise and please an European unapprized of this circumstance.

"Having thus taken a view of the slave under the authority of his master, let us attend him to that hour when he escapes the chain, when he lays him quietly down and hears no longer the voice of his oppressor. Even the slave must not be committed to his native dust without a tear; and perhaps were we to find that he too had a wife, and a brother, and a friend, and behold them weeping over his grave, we might not be ashamed to sit down with them, and pay our tribute likewise to his memory.

"As soon as the breath has left the body of the sick man, the women who surround the bed burst out into tears and lamentations, and communicate the infection of sorrow to the men. The corpse is dressed out, not without much weeping, and a day is allowed for the assembling of his friends, to mourn over his remains. The Malay expresses his grief by sitting beside his dead friend in profound silence and with downcast and pensive look; but the natives of Malabar and Mozambique break into sudden and violent floods of sorrow, which they often seem to begin and end in concert. On the day of interment, the friends again assemble, and follow the bier to the place appointed: here the body is committed to the earth, with more or less ceremony, according to the religion or piety of the tribe. All express sorrow, but, the greater part, this sorrow is of no long duration: the Malays alone extend their care and seem to cherish their grief. On the third, seventh, tenth, fortieth, and hundredth, day, they again assemble round the grave, pour sweet-scented waters upon it, and strew over it the choicest flowers. They bid the earth lie lightly on the breast of their former companion, and, for the last time, mingle their tears together over him. Having thus performed the last duties of friendship and affection, they return and feast together, well assured that their friend is happy.

"How many tears doth this pleasing hope wipe away, and how does it lighten the burden of the afflicted? Who can sufficiently admire the extensiveness of its influence? Ancient and modern nations—those inhabiting hot, and such as live in cold, climates—nations warlike and nations effeminate, civilized and ignorant, separated by rivers, by continents, by seas—yet join in the fond hope that all perishes not in the dust, but that the hand of friend shall again be joined to

that of friend, and the father meet his departed daughter, in another and a better world.

"Having thus given a general sketch of the Cape slaves, I proceed to relate in what manner these ideas were suggested to me, and to add some further particulars.

"In one of our morning walks about the town, observing a considerable crowd before the door of a house, my friend and I went up and inquired what was going forward, and were informed that it was a public sale of all the effects of a colonist deceased. Scarcely had we joined the crowd, when the auctioneer mounted upon a chair, and struck for some time upon a round plate of brass, as a signal that the auction was going to begin. Immediately all was attention. Numbers of articles were put up and disposed of; till, growing tired of the scene, we were going away; a short pause, however, and then a murmur, in the assembly announced that something else than trifles was going to be produced. We accordingly waited a moment, and soon saw a black man coming forward through the crowd: 'Ah!' said Charles, 'they are going to dispose of the family slaves, let us stop a little longer.'

"The first that was put up was a stout native of the Mozambique coast. His look was sad and melancholy, his hands hanging down, clasped together, as if they were bound, and his eyes fixed upon the earth. When he heard that his lot was determined, and that he was sold for 600 rix-dollars, he raised his eyes up heavily to look for his new master, and followed him out of the crowd without speaking a word; but we thought that his cheek was wet with tears, and perhaps we were right, for the purchaser told us, with some expressions of compassion, that he had been a great favourite of his deceased friend. Many more were put up, the household of the deceased having been very numerous; but on the countenances of all of them sorrow and the humiliation of slavery were the predominating features. At length an object was presented which almost made us weep: a mother was brought forward, with a little girl of three years old clinging to her, which they wished to tear from her, whilst she, dreading the threats of her owners, feebly told her child to leave her, at the same time that she folded her arms round it. 'Put them up together, put them up together,' said every voice; it was consented to, and the woman, kissing her child and leading it by the hand, advanced to the spot appointed. Whilst they were bidding for her, she looked anxiously round in every countenance, as if imploring compassion. Her price was bade up to seven hundred dollars, which the auctioneer repeated a long time, without any body seeming willing to say more. 'The man who has bought her and the child,' said one who stood next to us, 'has the reputation of being very cruel to his slaves.' 'Has he?' said Charles, whilst the blood rushed into his face, 'but he has not got them yet.' Seven hundred and ten, cried he, with a voice trembling with eagerness. Every body turned their eyes upon us, and the mother and the little child looked full in Charles's face. Seven hundred and twenty, said the man, starting up; thirty, cried Charles; fifty, said the other; eight hundred, bade Charles; the man bit his lips; a long pause ensued; eight hundred and one, said a mild looking old man, whose humanity I was well acquainted with; Charles drew back, and the poor slave was allotted to a mild master.

"When we had got into the street, I could not help remarking how lightly Charles walked along, and how his eyes glistened with the pleasing reflection of having done a good action. Every now and then also he exclaimed to himself, 'poor child! poor child! I have saved you some stripes, however;' and then he would walk on so fast, that I could scarcely keep up with him. After he had given some vent to his feelings, he began to converse about the slaves, and expressed his astonishment at the great variety amongst them. 'Come, my friend,' said he, 'put on your philosopher's countenance; as we are two Peripatetics, explain to me these different varieties in your best manner, not in a cold style, but as if you were addressing a numerous audience.' 'Agreed,' said I, 'Charles, for I know that when you represent the audience, I shall find it a very partial and forgiving one.

"'Behold that slave coming to-

wards us, bending beneath the weight of two cords of wood suspended to the ends of a bamboo, which he balances across his shoulder. His black complexion, his curly hair, his thick lips, and his tattooed forehead, announce him from the coast of Mozambique, his strong make shows him capable of fatigue, and in his inoffensive and humbled countenance you may read that he has often submitted to blows and unmerited reproaches without for a moment thinking of revenge: he performs the task which is set him, without objections and without inquiry. You see him now walking slowly along, oppressed with his load, and perhaps you pity his fate; follow him to the next corner, there sits one of his companions, playing on a jew's-harp: he stops; he listens; pleasure steals into his soul; he throws off his load; he beats the ground with his heels; raises his hands, clasped, above his head; gives himself up to the wildest and most inconsiderate joy, and, occupied only with the present, thinks neither of the hours of bitterness which are past, nor of those which are yet to come.

" 'Observe the one who comes next. Even at a distance his upright form, his nervous make, his free step, announce the Malay, or native of the island of Java, the king of slaves. As he approaches, mark his long coal-black hair, which hangs half down his back, his yellow complexion, his glancing and jealous eye, which looks askance upon slavery. He knows well that from his class are formed the house-painters, the musicians, the ingenious workmen of the Cape: he is proud of this distinction, and glories in the name of Malay. He exacts some deference from his master; his gestures, his speech, sometimes slow and sedate, at others rapid and violent, seem to say, 'I know that I am your slave, but be cautious how you use your power.' A reproach stings and irritates him, a blow wounds his proud heart, he hoards it up in his remembrance, and broods upon his revenge. Time passes on, the master forgets that he has given the blow, but the Malay never. At length the bad part of his character is cruelly displayed: he intoxicates himself with opium and the madness of revenge, he rushes upon his unguarded master with his kiris, or crooked Malay dagger, and stabs him once, twice, ten times. The unfortunate wife and children are not safe if they cross his way: he sallies out into the street, and, running madly along, sacrifices all that he meets, till, overpowered by numbers, he is brought to suffer the punishment of his crime.

" 'Follow him to the place of execution. Some days are past, and the intoxication of opium is over, but do you observe his countenance in the least changed by fear and remorse? Not at all. He is bound to the wheel; the executioner breaks all his limbs, one after another; but not a tear, not a groan, escapes him: at length, nature is exhausted; perhaps he breathes the name of Mahomet, his prophet, and expires with the consolation of having had his revenge.

" 'What a contrast is presented to this character in the slave whom you see there following his master. His features, of the European cast, his slender but well formed shape, his mild and inoffensive looks, and his black hair curled but not woolly, announce the harmless natives of the Malabar coast. He is, in all respects, the best of the household slaves. Without the inactivity or the dulness of the Mozambiquer or the penetrative genius of the Malay, he forms an excellent medium between the two: more intelligent, more industrious, and more active, than the former—more docile and more affectionate than the latter, he unites steadiness with vivacity, and capability of instruction to winning manners. Expect not from him violent opposition; while the native of Mozambique often grows obstinate, and hardens under the lash—whilst the Malay frowns and prepares to sharpen his dagger—the Malabar bends to the blow, and endeavours to avert it by tears and entreaties. Never is he brought to justice for crimes of a heinous nature; never are his feeble hands stained with blood; but if, through a false accusation or a disposition too liable to be made the tool of knaves, one of this class is brought to suffer death, he shudders and turns away his head at the sight of the place of execution; he shrieks aloud whilst the blow is yet suspended and before

it falls, and with tears and groans he implores compassion till his life and sufferings are at an end.

"But come, let us leave scenes of blood, the place of execution, and its wheels and engines: behold yon light waggon advancing so rapidly upon us, drawn by fourteen or sixteen oxen, and led by a Hottentot, who runs before them: see with what dexterity the master, sitting in the front of the waggon and cracking his long whip, directs the whole. The Hottentot, as you would observe, has on him nothing of what in England would be called clothes; an undressed sheepskin buckles round his neck, and hangs down behind him, like a cloak; at every motion of his body, it flies back and exposes his tawny skin, his meagre make, and his small and active limbs; before him hangs a small pouch, fastened round his loins with a leathern thong. With not a single other article of dress, without hat, without shoes, he leads his oxen thro' sun and wind and rain, over stones and hot sandy roads. Sometimes he puts on a pair of undressed leathern sandals, which are fastened round the ankles; and sometimes an old tattered hat protects his head from the rain or sun; but neither of these is universally worn; and in general the one which has passed us may serve as a specimen of all the rest. It is true, he has not the name of slave, but his condition is not on that account in the least more desirable; by the laws of the colony he is only bound to serve five and twenty years, after which he becomes free: in other words, his master enjoys twenty-five years of his services for the prime of his life, and may then cast him off, to seek his bread elsewhere.

"These may be reckoned the four principal stocks of the slaves of the Cape: the Malay, the native of the Mozambique and Malabar coasts, and the colonial-born slave. It must not be imagined, however, that these different races are anxious to preserve themselves unmixed. In this place, they are quickly mingled together, and many a slave can boast of an European father. Hence results the most complete variety of features and shades of colour, that is perhaps to be met with in any part of the globe. Yellow, jet black, white and copper coloured are kneaded together into a mass. Every face that passes us is of a different colour from the one that went before it, and the eye is continually amused by a strange and unceasing variety.

"'The different females preserve, likewise, in their domestic occupations something of the character of their nation. The female Malay takes care of the house, gives an account of every article, arranges the linen and clothes in the presses, is intrusted with several of the keys, and, having finished her work, she coils up her long black hair on the crown of her head, where she fastens it with a silver bodkin, and then sits down to knit at the feet of her mistress.

"The Malabar female, mild and gentle, is, like her husband, employed in every kind of the lighter domestic occupations. No blows are required to induce her exertions; a threat terrifies her. She redoubles her activity, is anxious to shew herself attentive to the interests of the family, cleans and arranges the furniture, and, in the evening, having kissed her children and put them to sleep, she brings her knitting needles and seats herself by the side of her companions.

"The female of Mozambique, generally stronger than her fellows, yet at the same time sufficiently active and intelligent, is sometimes employed in works of drudgery, and sometimes in those of a lighter kind. According to the will of her owners, sometimes you may see her carrying on her head a large bundle of linen to wash in the brook which runs from Table Hill; sometimes nursing the children of the family, and advanced to honour; but, in either occupation, she is always found, like the male, patient, performing what is set to her, and no more; pleased with praise, but not over anxious to obtain it, and going through her task more through the wish of seeing the end of it than the desire of performing it well.

"The female Hottentot contents herself with the lowest class, and is indeed seldom employed by the families at the Cape, being chiefly, and indeed almost only, to be found in the farm-houses and at some little distance from the Cape. The Hottentot character, both male and female, is said to be the least engaging of the

whole. They neither make themselves so useful as the Malay, nor do they possess the affectionate disposition of the natives of Malabar or Mozambique: they labour only through absolute necessity, and would quickly sink into profound indolence if not perpetually incited to action. After remaining many years with a family, and being kindly treated, they will leave it with great indifference; and indeed, Charles, to say the truth, I have seen so many instances of cold ingratitude among those of this nation, that it cannot be denied that the charge is not altogether without foundation; yet, at the same time, having seen many instances to the contrary, let us reserve their character for a particular discussion.' "

" Here I paused, to take breath; and Charles, who had listened to me with great attention, waited for some little time, and then asked me, if I had any thing more to say? for that, if I had not, it was almost two o'clock. 'I understand you,' said I, smiling, 'your walk has done you good; come, then, let us return and eat together.' We accordingly turned round in the company's garden, where we were then walking, and conversed on indifferent subjects till we reached the house." p. 45.

Of this pleasing work we are tempted to add one chapter more, which imparts some idea of the general face and appearance of the country.

" TABLE MOUNTAIN.

" Whence arises this pleasure which I feel in my breast when I recal to my remembrance what I have seen? Why does the current of my blood glide so swiftly through my heart from the recollection of material objects. I have enjoyed an extensive prospect from a lofty mountain—I have seen beneath my feet earth, and sea, and clouds—I have seen the moon lose her pale light in the impetuous beams of a majestic globe of fire, which arose in the east and spread his light over the world—I have seen all this—but, had I seen nothing more than earth, and sea, and clouds, the moon's waning light, or the sun's rising beam—why do I recal them to my mind with delight? or why did I prostrate myself before the Great Being who made them all, and adore in silence his wisdom and his power?

" No—It was the sentiment of an infinitely wise mind, directing the worlds which I saw moving around me, that touched my heart, and still delights to linger in my remembrance. Unhappy is he who binds himself to the material objects around him, without endeavouring to rise from them to their great Author.

" I have been contemplating huge mountains, whose cloud covered tops seemed to raise me nearer to heaven, and I admired his power; but, on their loftiest summits, a patch of flowers, or a mantle of green, recalled the idea of his benevolence. In a word, from the top of Table Mountain I discovered ten thousand objects to excite my gratitude and reverence towards God, and their constant concomitant, good-will towards men. If my reader has a heart any ways susceptible of these impressions, let him prepare to accompany me; if he has not, I am sorry for it, as he will find the trouble of climbing the Table Mountain but poorly rewarded by the mere prospect he will enjoy from it.

" After nearly four hours' sound sleep, I awoke, refreshed in body, and with my mind in a state of calmness and repose. According to my constant custom, I remained a few minutes in this state of delicious tranquillity, from which I awoke upon hearing the church clock strike two. I arose, and opening the shutter, saw that it was a fine moonlight morning, and pleasing myself with the idea of being first afoot, I hastened to equip myself for the expedition. I had already taken my staff from behind my bed, and was opening the chamber door, when I heard the noise of a small pebble rattling against the window. 'Holloa, lazy-boots,' said Charles to me, on my looking out, 'not yet ready? if you do not make haste, you will not see the sun rise from the top of the hill.' 'I will be with you directly, Charles,' said I. So coming down stairs, and shutting the door gently after me, for fear of waking the family, I joined him in the street.

" Having shaken hands, and mutually wished each other a friendly good morning, we set off, bending our course upwards, through the

town, where every thing was buried in sleep and silence. Our footsteps sounded as we stepped along through the empty streets, and being braced by the coolness of the morning air, and the town withal of no very great extent, we soon reached its outskirts. 'Now you must know, Charles,' said I, 'this is likewise my first visit to the Table Hill, and, of course, I am not positive as to the shortest road to the top.' We accordingly held a short deliberation, when, seeing on our left hand a pretty deep ravine which seemed to lead towards the centre of the mountain, and being moreover bounded on our right by a long white garden wall, we agreed to follow the course of the ravine, which, indeed, as it afterwards appeared, was the best guide we could have chosen. With this resolution we continued our course upwards, and as the moon shone remarkably clear, not closely following the windings of the ravine, but making every now and then a short turn from one angle of its bends to another. In this manner, after turning sometimes to this side and sometimes to that, in order to avoid the larger fragments of rock which lay scattered about in our way, and trampling over stones and stunted prickly shrubs, we arrived at the last house in this direction out of the town. The water in the ravine was here collected in quantity sufficient to turn a mill-wheel, which, however, was now, like the inhabitants of the house, at rest; and we heard nothing but our own voices and footsteps, till having passed a small hillock, upon which stood a white tomb stone, the great house dog came running ont, and barked at us till we were out of sight.

'Having proceeded a little farther, we found our road lead us into the ravine, whose banks now became high and steep, and obliged us to walk along their slope, clinging every now and then to the roots and shrubs which adhered to the large stones scattered about in our path. After creeping and groping our way in the shade of the bushes and rocks, upon turning an angle, formed by a dark projecting rock, our eyes were struck by a beautiful sight. The rock rose pretty steep before us, and being the course which the water takes in coming down from the hill, was washed perfectly bare. Over this smooth stony surface, which, from the bottom to the summit, is nearly fifty feet in length, the rivulet spreads itself into a broad thin sheet of water, which shone like silver under the moonlight, and descended with a gurgling noise into a deep hole at the bottom. Its uniform half-melancholy sound, its perpetual and rapid gliding, together with the solemnity and silence of every object around us, tempted us to halt a few moments, and drink of the cold and limpid water. Thus refreshed, we clambered upwards, on its stony bed, within a few feet of the rivulet, and in a short time reached the spot where it began to flow more upon a level, and again confined within banks. Here we crossed over upon two or three large stones, and as the path every moment became more and more steep, we gradually slackened our pace, and proceeded with less eagerness. And now indeed nothing remained in our path but large stones, fragments of the mountain, which, broken off at different and far distant periods by the destructive hand of time, had rolled down, and now lay scattered in all directions, at the bottom and on the declivity. We continued, however, to ascend, in silence, against all obstacles, and had reached nearly half up the hill, when Charles stopped short, and, panting for breath, cried out, 'plague upon this Table Mountain, I had no conception it was such hard work to get to the top of it.' 'Nay,' said I, laughing, 'we are not half way there yet; but let us rest a little, and then see what is to be done.' So seating ourselves upon a large stone, we cast our eyes downward, into a deep glen on our left hand, from which issues the water which descends to the town. As the moon was now on the decline, the bottom of the glen was perfectly dark, but there was to be heard the rushing of water; and, a little lower down, out of the shade of the steep sides of the glen, the stream issued, of a silver brightness, producing a singular effect as it ran between its dusky banks. On turning our eyes upwards, we could clearly discern, even by the moonlight, that cleft in the centre of the hill called the door, or gate, of the Table Mountain; it being indeed, as is said, the only passage by which,

on this side, you can ascend to the top. The sight of this redoubled our spirits. 'Come,' said Charles, springing up, 'now I am ready; huzza, for the top.' I followed him, smiling, and we ascended as fast as the rocks and stones would permit us.

"And now, my good reader, having employed two or three pages to get ourselves and you half way up the hill, and as there remains nothing more in our way but stones and rocks, and long dry grass and prickly shrubs, and you are perhaps not so tired with your walk as I was when there, you might be displeased should I hoist you from the middle to the top in two lines; I must, therefore, beg you to lend me a little assistance, and by the help of your imagination, to fill up an equal quantity of two or three pages with huge fragments of rocks, shrubs, and long dry grass. Imagine yourself inclosed in the re-entering angle of a majestic mountain, which rises in a solid wall of granite on both sides of you, on which, however, are cut out and carved, by those ingenious and industrious workmen of time, the wind and rain, dark caverns, massy columns, long pillars, and light slender arches, and the whole adorned and connected with all the fantastic fret-work of gothic architecture.

"Or perhaps, my good reader, to speak without flattery, your imagination is none of the brightest, and cannot embody all this; you have, in that case, no other resource than to seat yourself, two pages farther on, with Charles and me, upon a large stone still, however, some distance from the top, breathless, panting, our mouths parched with thirst, looking, with longing eyes, towards the top, when, all at once, we hear something drop, drop, dropping upon the rock a little way above us. 'Water!' cried I—'water!' said Charles: up we start—it was who could get there first; and we soon discovered a little basin, of about two feet in diameter, worn out in a large stone, which received the water as it trickled down the sides of the cold rock. After having drank, I lamented that I had brought nothing with me to eat. 'I never was so hungry in my life before,' said Charles: so, with great gravity, putting his hand into his pocket, he brought out a most comfortable large piece of bread, which he brake in two, and giving me the half, 'eat, eat,' said he, in a tone half serious, half pleasant; 'and thank that Gracious Being who gives you your daily bread.' 'I do thank him,' said I, 'and sincerely too;' for indeed my heart was moved at the tone in which Charles spake to me. And there, seated together upon the same rock, we ate our bread, and drank our wholesome beverage out of the same cup of stone; and, having finished, we thanked God for all his benefits. Thus refreshed, the road lost all its ruggedness: we proceeded cheerily, helping one another over the stones, and in about twenty minutes arrived at the top of the hill.

"We were both much surprised to find the summit, which from below appears smooth and level, intersected by deep hollows, and craggy rocks, whose bare tops, almost constantly assailed by rude winds and heavy rains, were worn into an endless variety of fantastic shapes. But what has the rude wind and rain to do with the present scene of calmness? Charles and I mounted upon the highest of the rocks, where, having stood a little, and cast our eyes all round, both, as if by an involuntary movement, took off our hats at the same instant, and looked up towards heaven. After a short pause, 'how do you feel, Charles?' said I: 'calm,' answered he, 'perfectly calm; but, at the same time, my heart is running over with gratitude to heaven.' 'I find our hearts are in unison,' returned I; so advancing to a little crag that was still two or three feet higher than the body of the rock, with our hats still off, and arm in arm, we admired the solemn grandeur of the scene before us.

"Already the eastern horizon was marked by a body of pure white light, which seemed to break from behind the dark hills of Hottentot Holland, and spread itself on all sides. The waning moon seemed gradually to be absorbed, and every moment shone fainter and fainter. The stars in the west still sparkled brightly, but those in the zenith and to the eastward shared the fate of the queen of the night, and were, with her, gradually lost in the mild splendour of dawning day. By degrees, the light shot up towards

the zenith, and there melted into pale blue. The dark mountains of Hottentot Holland, whose craggy outlines were now clearly distinguishable, bounded the view to the east, but far below our feet, to the westward, the sea spread out its vast watery floor, over which the mists of night still rolled, and, collecting into great clouds, seemed to linger in the extreme boundaries of the west. Moving our eyes round towards the north, and still looking downwards, beneath us lay the town, with its gardens, its terraces, and white flat-roofed houses; the Table Bay, with a surface smooth and unruffled by the slightest breeze, bearing on its glassy bosom numerous vessels of every nation, riding together peaceably at anchor. On the opposite side of the bay, the high hills, somewhat inland, presented their tops covered with snow; and continuing to move ourselves slowly round, we observed, in succession, once more the dark mountains of Hottentot Holland, the flat sandy space between the Table and False Bays, the False Bay opening outwards to the Indian ocean, the mountainous south eastern peninsula of Africa, on whose highest pinnacle we seemed to stand, stretching from north-west to south-east, and presenting a broken scene of mountains, precipices, and chasms: beyond it appeared the Indian Ocean, now faintly enlightened by the beams of the morning, and round again nothing but sea, sea, sea, till we once more came to the Lion Hills, the town with its white houses, Table Bay with its numerous vessels, and, a little farther out, Roben Island, in the mouth of the bay.

"To this outline might be added some little particulars.—The vulture rising from his aerie amongst the rocks, and soaring above our heads, till lost to our sight; the buzzard, sailing in mid-air with out-stretched wing, and steering towards its distant prey; the faint roar of the water breaking along the rocky coast, scarcely heard so high, the refreshing coolness of the morning air; and, lastly, two young friends standing on the summit of a craggy rock, forming the centre of this great circle, with minds not incapable of perceiving its magnificence, and hearts not cold enough to perceive it with insensibility.

"Perhaps, likewise, the moral views which the different quarters of the prospect presented, had their share in increasing the interest of it. In looking towards the mountains of Hottentot Holland, by means of that intellectual power which God has bestowed on man, we winged our way to their highest summits, and from thence discovered, with astonishment, in the inmost recesses of Africa, hordes of undiscovered and undescribed savages, prostrate before the light of newborn day. Beyond the waves of the Indian ocean, the nations of Asia, with their pagodas, their white-robed bramins, their inoffensive manners, and their antique superstitions. In the distant bosom of the southern ocean, we beheld clusters of peaceful islands, defended by reefs of coral, over which the waves slowly broke, and the friendly inhabitants asleep under the shade of their cocoa-nut trees. With rapid thought we passed the shores of the Brazils and Spanish America, stained with innocent blood, and where the murmur of the waves upon the shore was mingled with the crack of the task-master's lash, the cries of the feeble Indian, and the noise of his mattock as he dug for gold. On the banks of the majestic rivers and lakes, and in the bosom of the forests of the western world, we beheld, with pardonable pride, English laws and institutions, English manners and men, firmly rooted, and pleased ourselves with the thought, that our language would thereby one day become the most extended that has perhaps ever been spoken upon the face of the globe. Then reverting towards the north, we lingered amidst the various cities, the polished arts, and the domineering policy, of enlightened Europe; and fixing upon our own happy island, we forgot, for a short moment, all ideas of grandeur and sublimity, and melted at the recollection of the ties by which we felt connected with it.

"With hearts thus attuned, and in the midst of a scene so interesting and so magnificent, we long remained in silent wonder and gratitude. But as nature began to assume more animation, and from every bush and every cleft in the rock issued up a matin hymn to heaven—finally, when the sun broke in, unclouded majesty,

over the top of the highest eastern hill, then it was that Charles, in a moment of enthusiasm, grasped my hand, and raised his right towards heaven!—then it was, perhaps, that these wild solitudes were first taught to re-echo the sacred name of God to the sound of the human voice. They had before been trodden by the footsteps of a French disciple of atheism and materialism, and to him these majestic rocks conveyed the idea of blind matter, and the roar of the waves upon the rocks that of death and subsequent annihilation. But what a different sensation was conveyed to my heart when Charles grasped my hand, and exclaimed in an energetic and affecting tone of voice—

'These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good!
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair! Thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable!
Who sitt'st above these heavens, to us invisible!
Or dimly seen in these thy lowliest works;
Yet these declare thy goodness beyond thought,
And power divine!'

When he paused, the rocks for a long time re-echoed to his voice. All nature seemed to join in the morning hymn of our great poet. The lark ascended, bearing in its notes and on its wings his praise. The wild buck bounded over the distant rocks, and innumerable tribes of beautiful winged insects began to buz about from bush to bush. Thus, from a scene of lonely silence, all became animated, all seemed to be born to new life, and to breathe, in ten thousand different tongues, the praise of the Author of Nature.

"Having at length sufficiently gratified our eyes with the grandeur of the scene, we descended from the crag, after first cutting out the initials of our names upon it. We then wandered about the top of the hill for upwards of an hour, always, however, keeping sight of some object by which to direct us back again to the door of the mountain, there having been instances of the colonists themselves being detained on the top, enveloped in sudden mists and clouds, without being able to find their way down for two days. We had also heard much of the runaway slaves, who live in the holes and clefts of the hill; but we saw none, nor any traces of them, except a small fire extinguished and some parched grains of Indian wheat scattered about it. And now, as the sun had been more than an hour up, it began to grow warm, and we set about descending, which we found more troublesome even than the ascent, requiring greater precautions to prevent our slipping and bruising ourselves amongst the stones. We reached home about nine o'clock, not a little fatigued, and with our shoes worn quite thin, through the sharpness of the rocks and stones. Having bathed our feet, however, and breakfasted, we quickly forgot our fatigues, and thought only of the pleasing objects which we had seen. Charles advised me to commit the whole to paper, and, agreeably to his advice, I wrote the above.

"Besides what is to be seen from the summit of the Table, the hill itself presents at all times a grand object. It is pleasing, in a summer morning, to see the rays of the rising sun striking first its highest crags, and gradually spreading and illuminating the whole mountain. Then are likewise seen the vapours collecting on its edge, and hanging down in long cottony festoons, or shooting away into the pure atmosphere. At other times, dark clouds roll over its summit, portending wind and storm. In the winter season, the shelving parts of the mountain are often white with hail and snow, whilst on its top all is dark and wet. If, however, the wind changes to the south-east, and the clouds are driven back from off the land, they collect on the top of the Table and Devil hills, before they are blown away to sea. A noise is heard among the mountains, and the wind comes down in furious gusts, but there is no rain; and if perchance in the evening the moon arises and shines through the clouds, the dark hills appear as if covered with crowns of silver.

"Finally, after a long tract of dry weather, the runaways often set fire, accidentally or with design, to the brush and under-wood which grows along the face of the hill. In the

darkness and stillness of the night, it is pleasing to observe long and waving lines of fire, which burn silently, enlightening the whole mountain, but adding tenfold to the darkness which reigns around; especially at that hour when all is hushed, and no eye is awake to observe, except what is prevented from sleep by contemplation or sorrow." p. 74.

We make no apology for the length of our extracts from so small a book: it is a work of real merit, and deserves general circulation.

CV. MEMOIRS *of the Life and Writings of the Rev. Alexander Geddes, LL.D. By* JOHN MASON GOOD.

(Concluded from page 464.)

WE now hasten to close our extracts from this curious and valuable work: the opposition he received from the catholics is thus stated.

"It cannot be supposed that a work pretending to such an independence of mind as the translation we have just been reviewing, composed by a man who was determined, on every occasion, to think for himself, and, on many occasions, to deviate from the beaten track, however sanctified by a succession of ages or the common consent of mankind, should make its entrance on the public theatre of the world without producing some degree of commotion and exciting a greater portion of alarm than of approbation. What may thus fairly be conjectured was actually realized; and the opposition and difficulties our author had to encounter are amply related by himself, in an Address to the Public, which he brought out in the ensuing year, 1793.

"It should not be forgotten, that at this period, however, he had only appeared in the character of a translator, and not of an expositor, of the sacred writings; his volume of Critical Remarks not having been submitted to the public eye till at least seven years afterwards. 'I have not,' says he, 'set up for an interpreter of scripture, my humble walk is that of a mere explainer, of a laborious pioneer, who endeavours to smooth the way for future commentators. I have not, to my knowledge, thwarted a single word of holy writ to support any one system of religion. I have not so much as attempted to disclose its allegories or its analogies, but have strictly confined myself to the bare literal meaning.' His speculative opinions were nevertheless suspected, and, in fact, he never attempted to conceal or even to soften them, upon any occasion: he might, at times, have been liable to the charge of imprudence, in advancing them when there was no absolute necessity, but his most inveterate enemy could never accuse him of hypocrisy.

"While his friends therefore approved of his labours, and strongly exhorted him to persevere, he found that the voice of his friends and the encouragement of the liberal and unprejudiced was strenuously opposed by the repeated clamours of ignorance, bigotry, and superstition. He resisted the torrent of abuse to which he was daily exposed with the courage of a man who was self-conscious of rectitude of intention, and might fearlessly appeal to the Almighty as to the honesty of the motives by which he was actuated. 'Verging,' says he, 'towards the end of my labour and of my life, I confess it would make the evening of the latter unpleasant if I should be found to have laboured in vain.' But though he still hoped and courageously resisted the calumnies and contumelies which were excited against him, they sunk heavily upon his heart, and highly exacerbated his irritable system. A fever, the joint offspring of disappointed hope in a favourite pursuit, and of abuse where he expected approbation, was the speedy consequence, and it was nearly a twelvemonth before he recovered from the effects of its severity.

"What principally afflicted him in the midst of his complicated trials was, the violent opposition he experienced from the very church into which he had been initiated from his birth, to whose authority, in all lawful points, he readily and honestly submitted, and whose fellow-members he had chiefly hoped to benefit by his elaborate undertaking. To prevent any hostility from this quarter, he had, with more than ordinary prudence, abstained from all personal, or

at least nominal, interference in the controversy which I have already stated to have taken place, respecting the bill for the relief of Roman catholics, as well as respecting the appointment of bishop Douglas to the office of vicar apostolic to the London district, instead of bishop Berington, who was almost unanimously recommended for this purpose to the Roman see by the catholic body at large; and to influence his fellow-catholics in his favour, he had waited upon bishop James Talbot, the predecessor of Mr. Douglas, upon the commencement of his version, frankly to inform him of his design, and, if possible, to obtain his patronage. The liberality of this worthy prelate I have had occasion to notice already, and his conduct, upon the application of Dr. Geddes, was in perfect accordance with the character he had uniformly evinced. He told him, that he would be very far from opposing his design, though there were two reasons which would prevent him from publicly patronizing it: the one was, a fear of being himself censured by many conscientious but prejudiced catholics, who, he well knew, would disapprove of it; and the other, that himself and his brother vicars apostolic had some thoughts of giving a revised edition of the Douay translation, with which the version of Dr. Geddes might in some measure, perhaps, interfere, and which, added he, is in some degree our own property. They separated in the most perfect friendship and good humour. His lordship lived long enough to see and read our author's Prospectus, his Proposals, and his Specimens; and though, consistently with his first and ingenuous declaration, he never became a subscriber to his work, he informed lord Petre, in a correspondence upon this subject, that he only withheld his name lest it should be inferred that he officially approved it; and he urged the same motive for his silence to Dr. Geddes, in person, a few months only before his decease.

"Thus far, therefore, our author had no reason to expect any general want of countenance, far less any avowed and official hostility on the part of his own church. To ensure his success still more completely however and, as an act of common respect and courtesy, at the same time that he sent his different introductory pamphlets upon his bible version to bishop James Talbot, under whose jurisdiction he resided, he also sent copies of them to the vicars apostolic of two other catholic districts, bishop Thomas Talbot and bishop Gibson, who felt the politeness of this attention, and honoured him with a visit in return; in the course of which interview they thanked him for his repeated presents, and so far from insinuating the minutest disapprobation of his intention, handsomely complimented him upon his industry and learning, and left him in the pleasing hope that he should meet with their future applause.

"Such applause, however, never followed; instead of encouragement, he experienced abuse, and instead of applause, persecution. The death of the venerable bishop James Talbot occurred shortly afterwards; and it was well known to bishop Douglas, his successor, that notwithstanding his nominal silence upon the late catholic controversy, and the general predilection which was manifested by the catholics at large for his rival, bishop Berrington, Dr. Geddes had in his heart espoused, in both instances, the popular cause, and was in habits of the closest friendship and intimacy with many of the worthiest and most opulent of its leaders; Mr. Douglas, therefore, upon his triumph at the Vatican, and his succeeding to the district of bishop James Talbot, felt himself, from the first moment, unfriendly, not merely to the works but to the very name of Dr. Geddes; and readily joined, first of all, with bishop Walmsley, and, afterwards, with bishop Gibson himself, neither of whom could yet bury in oblivion their inglorious opposition and defeat in parliament, in frustrating, as much as lay in their power, our author's sanguine expectations.

"They commenced their persecution prior to the appearance of his first volume, by charging him with an adherence to doctrines repugnant to the catholic religion, and by citing him before their tribunal, to reply to this heretical accusation. It never was a part either of the practice or creed of Dr. Geddes to contend against the exercise of an authority whose principles

he admitted to be legitimate, be the organs of that authority who or what they might. He obeyed the summons; and notwithstanding the irrelevancy of many of the questions proposed, one of which was, whether he approved of the French revolution of 1789? and several others, which, to adopt his own language, 'had no more to do with religion than with the antipodes,' he displayed so much candour, so thorough a knowledge of the different questions proposed, and so firm an attachment to the genuine principles of primæval catholicity, while he strenuously contended for the right of private judgment, in all matters that were not absolutely decided by the church, that his three judges appeared perfectly satisfied with his creed, or, rather, were themselves completely silenced and confounded, and suffered him to depart without further molestation.

"Dr. Geddes was not sorry that he had thus enjoyed an opportunity of stating officially, before a court of competent jurisdiction, his real opinions and principles. He trusted that both the voice and hand of malevolence would now no longer be exerted against him; and to prove how thoroughly he banished every idea of enmity from his own bosom, upon the earliest publication of the first volume of his translation of the bible, he presented a copy of it to bishop Douglas, accompanied with the following letter.

'*July* 10, 1792.

'I beg your lordship's acceptance of a copy of the first volume of my new Version of the Bible, which, I flatter myself, you will find calculated to promote the real interests of religion, whatever superficial readers and little critics may think or say to the contrary.

'I should have liked, and indeed once expected, to see your lordship's name in the list of my encouragers; but unaccountable prejudices have, most probably, deprived me of that satisfaction. This, however, shall never hinder me to pay, at all times, that deference to your character which I know to be due. It is to you, the bishop of Centuriæ, my lord, as chief pastor of the catholics of this district, that I offer this mark of my catholicity,

'And have the honour to be, &c.'

"The present was retained, but no answer, I believe, was returned to the letter. Our author soon became sensible, however, of the sort of answer he was likely to receive. Envy, ignorance, and malice, in the various shapes of monks, friars, and witlings, which for many years antecedently had been busy in depreciating his labours, now stalked abroad more boldly than ever, and, countenanced by official approbation, assassinated his reputation with redoubled fury.

'It would be endless,' says he, in his Address to the Public, 'to enumerate the whole catalogue of evil offices which those men have done, or endeavoured to do, me. Every species of detraction, from the sly insinuating whisper to the bold and barefaced calumny, has been employed to render me odious to the English catholics. Elijah's vision was here inverted; the 'still small voice' preceded the 'tempest;' but, surely, the Lord was neither in 'the tempest' nor in 'the still small voice.' It was a very different spirit that presided over this progressive storm; it was the spirit which represented the precursor of Jesus as a demoniac, because he was uncommonly abstemious; and Jesus himself as a wine-bibber, because he ate and drank like other men!

'Even before my Prospectus appeared, my very intentions were scrutinized and suspected. Whatever impartiality I might profess, they could not but think that I meant to favour the cause of protestancy, and that my bible (as they termed it) would turn out to be a protestant bible. They knew me to be one, whose principles were not strictly orthodox, who lavished praises on heretics and heresiarchs, who associated with churchmen, dissenters, socinians, who indulged paradoxes, who laughed at rosaries, scapulars, agnus Deis, blessed medals, indulgences, obiits, dirges, &c. who was an enemy to religious orders, hostile to the pope's prerogatives, disrespectful of his vicars, and an open abettor of profane innovations! Thus blending some truth with much falsehood, they worked up a medley of imputations,

which could not fail to make a deep impression on the minds of their credulous devotees, who have generally no other criterion to judge of men or books but the *autos epha* of their good *directors*. Here the *directed* seem to have taken their lesson well: they seized on the wholesale cargo, and carefully retailed it, with some small adulterations, among their friends and familiars: the mouth of every devotee was converted into a trumpet of defamation.

'The publication of my Prospectus seems, for a while, to have blunted the shafts of slander, and softened the fierceness of the foe. It was not, indeed, what they had expected; at least, not what they *wished* it to be; and, on that occasion, some of them joined, or affected to join, in the general applause. But the demon of rancour soon returned to take possession of his former hold, and, one would think, brought along with him 'seven other spirits more wicked than himself.' My Letters to the bishop of London and to Dr. Priestly, the few Critical Remarks that accompanied my Proposals and Specimen, and my General Answer to my correspondents, but especially my known attachment to the catholic committee, and approbation of their measures, stirred up the half-smothered embers, and re-kindled the latent sparks of enmity into an open and running conflagration.

'Calumny, now grown shameless, came stark-naked abroad: it was no more 'the pestilence that stalked in darkness, but the destruction that wasteth at noon-day.' It was now evident, they said, that my scheme was inimical to catholicity (I suppose they meant popery), favourable to heresy, injurious to the church, and tending to infidelity. By one friar it was asserted, that I had the intolerable presumption to correct the Holy Ghost! He classed me, indeed, with Houbigant, Kennicott, and Michaëlis, for which he has my thanks. Others went about warning the pious faithful not to subscribe to my work, and in this their efforts were certainly not unsuccessful; in the list of my subscribers there are not fifty catholic names! A devout lady, of the first rank, was so fearful of being contaminated, that she gave orders to her stationer, five years before the work went to the press, by no means to take in for her Dr. Geddes's Bible. But the shortest and most effectual way to hurt a work is, to blacken its author's character. For this purpose, all my steps were watched; the visits which I made or received, the companies which I frequented, the conversations which I held, the friendships I contracted, were all noted down in the black book of those inquisitors, as so many choice topics of future animadversion. Went I to Lambeth or London House?—I had gone thither to read my recantation, and was on the point of being a curate, a rector, a prebend, a dean, of the established church! Went I to Edinburgh or Glasgow?—I had become a disciple of Calvin, and abjured my former faith before the general assembly! Went I to Hackney?—I had been seduced into arianism by Price, or wheedled into socinianism by Priestly, and was soon to be one of the professors of the new college! Thus was I, alternately, a churchman, a presbyterian, an arian, and an unitarian, just as it pleased their fancy or served their purpose. It is some wonder, that they never sent me to the Tabernacle, to embrace methodism; nor to the Synagogue, to profess myself a jew! they have sent me to worse places than either, as will hereafter appear.'

"At length, to finish the climax of his persecution, forth issues an ecclesiastical edict, denominated a Pastoral Letter, signed by Walmsley, Gibson, and Douglas, as apostolic vicars of the western, northern, and London, districts, in which this favorite undertaking of our author, and upon which he had expended upwards of twenty years, was authoritatively prohibited to the faithful under their respective jurisdictions. 'As the church of God,' says this episcopal interdict, 'has at all times watched with a most jealous care over the heavenly treasure of the sacred scriptures, and has condemned the practice of printing the said scriptures, or any expositions of or annotations upon the same, unless such have been severally examined and approved of by due ecclesiastical authority—hence it is incumbent upon us to warn the faithful committed to our care against the

use and reception of a certain work of this kind, as far as it has yet appeared, which is destitute of these requisites, and which is entitled, 'The Holy Bible, or, the Books accounted Sacred by Jews and Christians; otherwise called, The Books of the Old and New Covenants: faithfully translated from the Originals; with Various Readings, Explanatory Notes, and Critical Remarks. By the Rev. Alexander Geddes, LL.D.'' p. 410.

Another extract will shew how he relieved himself amidst the prosecution of his great work.

"Towards the end of August, 1783, therefore, after he had broken all connection with his vicarial superior, he began his walk through Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk. The increasing purity of the atmosphere, as he quitted the metropolis, and the inartificial beauties of the country, which now poured before him in a wide and wider theatre, recreated his spirits, and banished, for a short time, from his memory both bishop Douglas and his own translation. He wooed the rustic muse; he found her at hand, simplex munditiis, 'in all her artlessness of neat attire;' she became compliant with his wishes, and by her assistance he worked up the few incidents that occurred into a poem, which he shortly afterwards printed, and entitled 'A Norfolk Tale, or a Journal from London to Norwich.'

"This poem is introduced into the world under the formidable arrangement of a prologue and epilogue, and of a division of the work itself into three distinct parts. It is composed with much good humour and amenity of heart, and in its versification is easy even to occasional negligence. It is literally indeed a sermo pedestris, and aims not at the loftier flights and more daring imagination of the muse when mounted on Pegasus. Mr. Johnson, our author's bookseller, has told me, that when he brought it to him, he advised him not to publish it, as conceiving that it would by no means sufficiently interest the world to ensure the sale of an adequate impression. This, however, was not Dr. Geddes's mode of reasoning; he had written it, and the press must follow as a matter of course. And in this instance he seems not to have reasoned amiss; for if it did not interest the world, it at least interested the circle of his own friends; and either through their repeated demands for it, or his own liberal circulation, he not only disposed of the first, but actually printed a second, edition of it within a few months of its composition.

"Nothing is more demonstrative of the fountain whence a writer has imbibed his ideas, the soil in which he has been accustomed to labour, than the peculiar train of images and allusions to which he has recourse. They are not only indeed characteristic of the bent of his mind, but measure the degree of his application and research. With Dr. Geddes, the sacred pages, both with respect to their doctrines and figurative language, were all in all. He had studied them, almost from his infancy, with the zeal of a christian and the accuracy of a critic, and I have already had occasion to state that his metaphors and ornamental elucidations, instead of being drawn from the more polluted streams of Homer and Horace, are almost uniformly deduced from this overflowing fountain of purity and sublimity. In the poem before us, the character of the man is equally conspicuous: I will adduce but two instances in confirmation of this remark. Fatigued with his expedition by the time he had reached Bury St. Edmond's in Suffolk, he retired at an early period to rest, and the goddess Fame, more favourable to him in his sleeping than in his waking hours, appeared in a pleasant dream, and, in reward of all his troubles and persecutions, presented to him a golden trumpet with her left hand, while with her right she surrounded his temples with a gay and verdant garland,

'Compos'd of all the flowers that grow
By Jebus or by Jericho!
'With gracious look, she said, 'My child,
For twenty twelvemonths thou hast toil'd
To earn a little honest fame;
I come, at length, to grant thy claim.
'Long as the ancient Hebrew page
Mankind's attention shall engage;
Long as the son of Amram's laws
Shall meet with merited applause;
Long as the tones of David's lyre
All future minstrels shall admire;
Long as the Song of Songs shall prove
That 'death is not more strong than love;'

Long as Isaiah's style shall be
The test of true sublimity;
And Jeremiah's plaint remains
The first of elegiac strains;
Long as the bible shall be read;
This garland shall adorn thy head!
And this loud trump's immortal sound
O'er all the island shall rebound.'

"The next example needs no introduction. He is still pursuing his journey.

'Eight score of furlongs yet I had
To traverse, and the ways were bad.
Not Israel's discontented host
Such deserts met, on Edom's coast!
Nor was there on the dreary ground
A drop of manna to be found.
'Two hours I thus my course pursue,
When, unexpected, to my view
Appears a town of ancient fame;
But Thetford is its modern name.
'Here I opin'd, poor cred'lous man,
I was not far from my Chana'n;
And that the river Thet might be
A Jordan, possibly, to me!
Judge, then, what was my great surprise
When, passing on, I rais'd mine eyes,
And saw I had to travel o'er
A greater desert than before.'

"In part II we meet with an anecdote which ought not to be neglected, since it is literally true, and strongly illustrative of our author's habitual benevolence.

'"Twas in the middle of a down,
Remote from village or from town,
Where a black-bellied cloud outshed
Its dire contents upon my head;
And I, alas! poor luckless fellow!
Had neither great-coat nor umbrella.
'In this distress, on my left hand,
I see a little cottage stand:
With joy I see; and, helter-skelter,
I to the cottage run for shelter.
The door was open—in I go;
But, ah! my Kit! what scenes of woe
Present themselves!—First, on a bed,
A husband, in his prime, lies dead;
Lies dead, with scarce a rag to hide
His lifeless limbs. At the bed-side
A weeping widow sits and sighs,
And lifts to heaven her piteous eyes;
While three sweet orphans, round her, cry
For bread, which she cannot supply.
'O God! (said I, and rubb'd my brow)
Why have I not a fortune now?
But can I nothing—nothing give,
These fellow-creatures to relieve?
Yes! I can give a shroud, to lay
That naked corse in kindred clay;
Yes! I can give wherewith to save
His wife and children from the grave
This week; the next, kind heav'n may send
A richer, not more feeling, friend.'
'So saying, from my purse I drew,
And on the lap of sorrow threw
Three silver crowns: 'twas all, I swear,
My little scanty fob could spare!
'Eager she seized my hand and prest
It closely to her throbbing breast;
And, while it on her bosom lies,
A pair of pearls drop from her eyes,
Warm as the weeper's grateful heart,
And fall on the uncover'd part.
Dear drops! ah! could your briny stain
A lasting mark on me remain;
Not Francis' stigmata would be
A cause of jealousy to me!
Two other drops, before they fell,
(Yes, Kit! I'm not asham'd to tell)
I intercept, as down they flow
Her cheeks, that now begin to glow:
My face upon her face I fix,
And with her tears my tears I mix.
'And now the heav'ns appear'd serene,
As if to witness this last scene,
And Sol seem'd willing to repay
His absence with a brighter ray
Than usual at the close of day.
'Three miles, I ween, or nearly so,
To Hingham, yet I had to go;
But ne'er was such a space of ground
Less tiresome to a trav'ler found.
Though cold and wetted to the skin,
I felt a fostering flame within,
Which made me totally forget
That I was cold! that I was wet!
'Jesus of Nazareth! how true
The doctrine first announced by you!
Whether in a disciple's name,
We, for a cup of water, claim
A recompence; or, for a store
Bestow'd of the most precious ore—
This ore, that cup, ev'n here on earth,
Are recompens'd beyond their worth.
Can there a greater boon be giv'n
To mortal man, by bounteous heav'n,
Than the delight supreme that flows
From mitigating human woes?
'Here, for a moment, let me pause,
And think on the mysterious laws
Of Providence, whose wondrous chain
No human wisdom can explain.
'Had I, that morn, refus'd to hear
The spirit whisp'ring in mine ear
'Proceed to Norwich.' Had I gone
At any other hour but One;
Had not keen hunger made me stay
An hour at Wotton, on my way—
I should have passed the dismal down
Before the skies began to frown;
Or, had that providential show'r
Fallen at any other hour,
I to the cottage had not run
That providential show'r to shun!
Or had I been a man of gold,
And in a gilded chariot loll'd;

I should have pass'd the lonesome plain,
Regardless of the falling rain;
And consequently ne'er had been
A witness of the 'foresaid scene;
Nor had the happiness to say,
'My friends! I have not lost a day.'

"Such were the recreations of body and mind by which this indefatigable scholar endeavoured to reacquire his accustomed health and vigour. It was long, however, before he could so far forget the contumelious treatment he had received as to be able to resume his biblical pursuits, and prepare for a second volume of his translation." p. 441.

We shall now notice one of his singular publications, replete with humour.

"About the same time, an incident occurred of still more notoriety; and which, as it attracted much of the public attention, could not possibly escape the vision of our polemic Argus. I allude to the memorable electioneering affray at Bangor, in which Dr. Warren, bishop of the diocese, made so conspicuous a figure, and which afterwards became the subject of an indictment against himself and several of his clerical friends, at the suit of Mr. Grindley, the deputy-registrar. Grindley, although appointed to the office he enjoyed thro' the interest of the prelate himself, had for some time manifested symptoms of a refractory spirit, and had deserted the church and state party for that of the profanum vulgus, or swinish multitude. The bishop was determined to take vengeance on the apostate, and sallied forth, accompanied by a blacksmith, at the head of several clerical satellites, to turn him out of his office by main force, since he had refused to relinquish it quietly: a succession of skirmishes ensued, in the course of which fortune seems to have held the balance with an even hand, sometimes inclining to the prelate and sometimes to the registrar. The latter, however, if I recollect aright, eventually prevailed in retaining possession of his castle, but he was frustrated in his suit at the Shrewsbury assizes. The subject was certainly well calculated for the display of poetic wit and humour, and it was greedily seized by Dr. Geddes, who, in a comic-heroic poem of nine cantos, entitled 'The Battle of Bangor, or, the Church's Triumph,' laboured, with all his might, to eternize the transaction.

"The Battle of Bangor is unquestionably the best production of our author's metrical pen. It exhibits more taste and fancy in its imagery and more correctness in its versification than any poem he ever wrote; and, what is no small addition to its merit, it abounds with good-humour and a playful amenity of heart. To analyze it would be altogether a work of supererogation. It is modelled on Pope's Rape of the Lock, or rather the Lutrin of Despreaux. I shall confine myself to the selection of a specimen or two of its general merit. It opens as follows.

'The peerless prelate who, with well-aim'd thrust,
Laid a presumptuous layman in the dust,
Chased from the precincts of the sacred fane
A registrar rebellious, rash, and vain,
Who dar'd 'gainst heav'n uplift his lawless rod
And bid defiance to the sons of God,
I sing. Be present, muse of Despreaux!
And make my numbers like his numbers flow;
Or, rather, still more pow'rful succours bring;
A greater hero, mightier deeds, I sing.
And thou, sweet nymph, of a more noble stock,
Who taught our bard to sing Belinda's lock,
Vouchsafe on these more humble strains to smile,
And let them live—at least a little while!'

"The palace of Zealotism, or Bigotry, and his origin from the lovely and amiable nymph Zeala, in consequence of a rape committed upon her by a lascivious monk of Thoulouse, are thus classically conceived and expressed. It is with this passage that Canto III opens.

'Mong the celestial goddesses above,
That grace the mansion of almighty Jove,
A nymph there is whose province is to raise
In man's cold heart devotion's melting blaze;
For oft, too oft, forgetful of his God,
Poor earthly man betrays his native clod.

Her name is Zeala, through the world she flies,
Love in her looks, and ardour in her eyes;
Nor can the iciest mortal well withstand
The glowing touch of her enchanting hand.
Yet, neither stiff nor stern, she gently bends
Her willing vot'ries to her purpos'd ends.
Martyrs she makes, but martyrs meek and mild,
Who ne'er revile, although they be reviled:
In virtue's cause, a vigour she inspires,
But never kindles persecution's fires.

'Once on a time, as this celestial maid,
In quest of converts, through Tholosa stray'd,
There, in a convent (horrible to tell!),
A lecherous friar compress'd her in his cell.
From this commixtion a dire dæmon came,
And Zelotissimus is that dæmon's name.
Rapid his growth; for his half-heav'nly birth
Gave him advantage o'er the sons of earth.
Foster'd by popes and kings, behold him rise,
In a short space, to an enormous size!
His fame by strolling priests is blazed abroad,
And men mistake him for a demi-god:
Whole nations eagerly embrace his laws;
But, chief, Iberia's sons support his cause.
There temples, there to him were altars rear'd;
With human blood those altars were besmear'd:
Religion sanction'd the devouring flame,
And infants trembled at this Moloch's name.

'Thus erst; but now he sees his pow'r decline,
No bloody trophies more bedeck his shrine;
No fiery san-benitos more adorn
The Moor or Jew, condemn'd to public scorn.
Yet, yet a week of years, the world shall see
His throne o'erturn'd, and fair Iberia free.

'Yet still on Tajo's banks he holds his court:
Thither the zealots of the west resort;
A hooded band, th' emissaries of Rome,
Support his empire and surround his dome.

'In the first porch of this stupendous place
Stands Persecution, with an iron face.
In his right hand a scorpion-scourge he bears,
Beting'd with human blood and human tears;
And in his left he grasps a brand of fire
Ready to light the dread funereal pyre.
Cut deep in stone, above the monster's head,
ΕΙΔΕ ΚΑΙ ΦΟΒΟΥ clearly may be read.

'In the remotest part of this abode,
Is the apartment of the grisly God:
There Phœbus never shews his cheerful face,
Tapers of yellow wax supply his place;
Such as at dismal dirges are display'd
To half illuminate the half-damn'd dead.
High, on a throne of rough and rusty steel,
Sedately sits the spurious son of Zeal.

'Dame Superstition, his beloved bride,
Sits, like another Thais, by his side.
Pale is her visage, peevish is her mien,
For she is often troubled with the spleen.
Her weeds are black, but, with a copious store
Of gaudy trinkets, they are tinsell'd o'er---
Beads from Loretto, Agnus-Deis from Rome,
And christen'd relics from a catacomb;
Crosses and medals with indulgence fraught,
And images, that miracles have wrought;
Like that which lately, at Ancona, drew
Just adoration from the Turk and Jew!
Behind his throne, to catch his dire commands,
His armour-bearer, Fanatismus, stands.
Screws, racks, and pullies, sulphur, pitch, and tar,
With other implements of holy war,
Lie piled around him, all in order fair,
As in the Tow'r our guns and pistols are.' p. 458.

His biographer shall next give us an account of his finances, and also his next publication.

"Dr. Geddes had either forgotten his past embarrassments or had never possessed the important talent of learning wisdom by misfortune. The want of knowledge which he manifested in this mode of advertising his work, he manifested equally in all the rest of his transactions with the world. Such, therefore, being the fact, had he never engaged in the trade of authorship, and particularly in that branch of it which consists in becoming his

own vender, he must necessarily have exceeded the salary allowed him by his noble patron, 'magnificent,' as he estimated it, and justly estimated it, on its first grant. But by plunging himself, with many incumbrances already on his back, and no capital whatever in hand, save that of upright intention and mere hope of success, into so considerable an expence as the present, it was impossible he should not once more become deeply embarrassed. His difficulties and burdens indeed pressed him at length so heavily as to be altogether insupportable; and the trifling assistances he had received from several friends who suspected his finances were not in the most flourishing state, had only mingled, like so many drops, in the general torrent of distress, without producing the remotest degree of sensible variation. To his friend lord Petre, he did not choose to unbosom himself; he had no claim upon him for any additional generosity, and, encumbered as he was, he still felt profoundly the liberality of the stipend he received.

"To one or two other friends, he at length, however, mustered courage enough to disclose his entire situation; and it is to the credit of the British name, and particularly of the age in which we live, that the disclosure was no sooner communicated than a plan was devised for his extrication; almost indeed without his knowledge, and certainly in a way far more calculated to gratify than to wound the feelings of a heart naturally irritable and impatient of misfortune. It is to the credit of the age in which we live, that, without any further application on his own part, persons of every rank and religious persuasion, protestants and catholics, clergy and laity, nobility and gentry, several of whom had never known him but by name, and many of whom had openly professed a dislike of his favourite tenets, united in one charitable effort to rescue him from anxiety and distress; nor should it be forgotten, that some part, at least, of the amount subscribed proceeded from the right reverend bench itself. The names of those who thus generously interfered, together with the total of the sums collected, and the mode in which they were applied, I have had an opportunity of minutely inspecting. Many of the accounts, those at least which relate to the contributions of protestants, are still, I believe, in the possession of Dr. Disney and Mr. Brown, whose united zeal is well known to have been indefatigable upon the occasion; and, from the calculations I have been able to make, I find that in about two years and a half, from the beginning of 1798 to the middle of 1800, there was collected and expended on his account little less than 900*l.* sterling, independently of the annuity he still, as usual, continued to receive from lord Petre. Most of his involvements having, moreover, been occasioned by the voluminous publication in which he was engaged, his obligations to paper-makers and printers, an additional proposal was at the same time made, which, if carried into effect (and nothing but his premature death obstructed it), would have necessarily precluded him from every similar evil in future: this proposal was, that his friends should take upon themselves the entire expence of his subsequent volumes, receiving from time to time their various produce, till such expence was completely liquidated, provided the produce should be adequate to the liquidation, and that the author should, from this period, receive the surplus for himself.

"Never, therefore, was there any man thus repeatedly entangled in pecuniary embarrassments who, perhaps, found himself more fortunate than Dr. Geddes. His heart, on the present very liberal interference, as may naturally be expected, became lightened; he reassumed his habitual vivacity; all nature, to his delighted eye, appeared to be invested with new charms—

> "And, redolent of joy and youth,
> To breathe a second spring.

"He now seriously applied himself to a revisal, for the press, of a treatise upon the harmless nature of the catholic religion, in relation to secular governments of every description, when reduced to its pure and primary principles, and divested of those temporal and inconsistent powers which the lawless ambition of the court of Rome has at different periods endeavoured to introduce into it. This treatise, as I have already observed, was origi-

nally drawn up in 1782, during the riots in Scotland and England, upon the subject of sir George Saville's bill in favour of persons professing the Roman catholic religion, but was suppress in its publication in consequence of the prejudices and intemperance of the times. The times were, however, at length become more propitious; the good faith of the British catholics had been proved through a period of nearly twenty years, the spirit of animosity had subsided, and the wisdom of those indulgences which had been accorded by parliament were rendered every day more manifest. The catholics of Ireland still laboured, however, under many grievances to which those of the sister kingdom were no longer exposed; and this, notwithstanding the vast majority of their population in comparison with the members of the established church, and the repeated promises by which government had pledged itself to grant them relief. The expediency of such relief and the conduct of the existing administration in this respect, had now become a subject of parliamentary enquiry, the public mind was anxious for information, and our author seized, with laudable avidity, the opportunity which was thus presented to him, and brought forth his treatise, under the title of 'A Modest Apology for the Roman Catholics of Great Britain; addressed to all moderate Protestants, particularly to the Members of both Houses of Parliament.' It was published anonymously. Dr. Geddes was well aware that the introduction of his own name would not, at this period, assist its circulation; and, by suppressing it, he gave an evident token of his attachment to the cause he thus attempted to serve. He was soon known, however, to be the author of it, as well from the intrinsic testimony of its style as from the various rumours of his friends. Yet it had now established its reputation upon the basis of its own real merit; and while it was sedulously sought after at home, it had met with equal success on the continent, and had been translated both into French and German.

"The object of this Apology, as the author informs us, in his introduction, is to prove, that so far from a necessity for that intolerance which has been too generally practised in Ireland, there is nothing in the real principles of either British or Irish catholics to render even those comparatively lighter disabilities necessary, under which the former are at present suffering, notwithstanding the two statutes in their favour which have been enacted in the reign of George III. and that every disability, if not a persecution, is a disgrace, and, as such, ought to be removed from a community of subjects as loyal 'as the dissenting protestants, or any other protestants of the land.' He conceives that they are only allowed to continue from some still remaining misapprehension of the real principles of this community; and, to eradicate such a misapprehension, he proceeds to draw a parallel between the doctrines and discipline of the catholic and the English churches: in the preamble to the work he thus liberally expresses himself.

"Before I enter upon the subject, I must beg leave to make a few previous observations. And, first of all, in assuming the character of an apologist for those of my persuasion, I mean not, in any respect, to justify the conduct of all those who have, in different times and countries, borne the name of catholics, and, under that name, have been often guilty of the most extravagant excesses: it is, indeed, hard that this premonition should be rendered necessary through the obstinacy of ungenerous adversaries, who will continue to rake in the rotten sepulchres of our criminal ancestors for filth to throw at their innocent posterity, and to collect from the scandals and sacrileges of the catholics of all ages a subject of impeachment against those of the present age. Of at least a hundred combatants who have within these last twenty years declared themselves the champions of protestancy, or rather the adversaries of popery, I am perfectly safe to say, that there are not five who have not shot at us from that envenomed quiver, and I am sorry to be obliged to add that their shafts have too seldom missed their aim.

'Yet surely nothing can be more illiberal and iniquitous. Æsop's wolf quarrelled with the poor lamb for the pretended crimes of his immediate father, but our more unreasonable per-

secutors would make us accountable back to the tenth generation. What, pray, have we of the eighteenth century to do with the ignorance of the ninth, the superstition of the twelfth, or the fanaticism of the sixteenth? let who will paint the phrenzy of the crusades, the horrors of the Valdensian persecution, the fury of the French league, the barbarity of the Irish massacre, and all the other common-place topics of party declamation. As a lover of truth, I might be provoked to strip the piece of a part of its colouring, where I were convinced it were overcharged; but, as a christian, and a catholic, I am no further concerned, than seriously to lament, that ever there should have existed christians and catholics so forgetful of their own principles, as to act in diametrical opposition to them.

'What need have we to be informed, by every pulpit rhetorician and polemical scribbler, that there have been haughty, imperious, domineering, popes; avaricious and simoniacal bishops; dissolute and disorderly monks; a licentious and libertine clergy? have not our own Bernards, and Bennos, and Gersons, and Guiccardinis, and Eadmers, and Ortuins, described all that infamy, with equal accuracy and much more eloquence? We read their invectives with astonishment and indignation, we bewail the misfortune of those who lived in times of such corruption and depravity, and bless ourselves that Providence has cast our lot in better days; but we cannot be so unjust as to charge ourselves with crimes and abominations in which neither we nor our fathers had any share.

'Nor are we any more accountable for the large crops of spiritual cockle that have been, at different times, 'while men slept,' sown by the enemy in the wide field of the catholic world; and which, at certain periods, seem almost to have choked the good grain—I mean the enervation of ancient church discipline, the fabrication of false decretals, the multiplication of appeals, dispenses, exemptions, immunities, and enormous privileges, the rage of idle pilgrimages, the base traffic of indulgences, the propagation of lying legends, feigned miracles and apocryphal revelations, the doctrines of the pope's infallibility, temporal jurisdiction, and deposing power! all those tares have either happily been rooted out by the vigilance of zealous pastors, or, if there still remain some undergrowths,

'....Priscæ vestigia fraudis
Pauca....

they are, for the most part, such as it were, perhaps, better to leave till the last great harvest, when the divine Master will ordain of them according to his good pleasure.

'I must also further declare, that I will not, in this Apology, pay the least attention to any arguments or objections drawn from the various opinions and decisions of our scholastic divines or casuists, against which any catholic may argue as strongly as any protestant, and for which, they only who defend them are responsible.

'This will at once lop off from my subject a large portion of extraneous matter with which it is not necessarily connected, and, by reducing the lines to a narrower compass, render the post I have taken more tenable against a desperate attack. And, indeed, who would encumber himself with any thing not absolutely necessary for his defence? much less with what might endanger his safety?

'It would be hard, indeed, if I were obliged to defend and reconcile the jarring systems of catholic theologues; transalpine ideas of papal despotism with the liberties of the Gallican church and declarations of the Gallican clergy, Thomists with Scotists, Rigorists with Probabilists, the predetermination of the Dominicans with the congruism of the Jesuits, Bellarmine with Barclay, Flavigny with Morinus, Knott with Petrus Aurelius, Parsons with Witherington, &c.

'I repeat it, then; I will have nothing to do with all that. My business is to defend, or, if ye will, excuse, the real and confessed principles of the catholic religion, which were at all times, and in all places, the indisputable principles of catholics, which every catholic will acknowledge, and which no catholic can reasonably deny.' p. 480.

Dr. Geddes now lost his great patron, lord Petre, and his friend Mr. Gilbert Wakefield a little after, both

of whom he lamented in two elegant Latin elegies, almost the last pieces ever written by him: he laboured under a cancerous affection of the rectum, which terminated in his death.

"Our learned but unfortunate friend, Gilbert Wakefield, died Sept. 9, in the present year (1801); and the elegy was written Oct. 12, about a month after his decease. The last two couplets contain all the truth of prophecy or actual presentiment.

'Nec ventura dies distat qua, stamine vitæ
Truncato, celeri te pede, amice, sequar.
Morbificus languor jam fessos occupat artus.
Paulatim emorior....

'Soon shall I join thee, as these tremors tell;
Faint are my limbs; already Death's in sight.'

"In effect, it was not more than a day or two afterwards that the bed on which he died was removed from his own chamber on the second floor into the front room, or chief library, on the first, in consequence of his being now incapable of moving either up or down stairs without extreme pain; and from this bed he scarcely ever rose afterwards. To this assertion I nevertheless remember one exception, and it affords a strong proof of the occasional triumph of the mind when roused to a high degree of excitement, over all the pains and infirmities of the body. I called at his house one morning, doubtful whether I should find him alive or dead: he had not actually expired, but had refused admittance to all except his professional friends. He was alone, and requested to see me. He was lying on his bed, agonized with torture, ghastly in countenance, and extremely depressed in his spirits. He seized my hand with avidity: 'forgive me, my dear friend!' said he, abruptly, while the tears started from his eyes, 'forgive me this weakness! I did think I should have been able to have endured suffering with more fortitude and resignation; but I cannot support it, and am impatiently wishing for death.' I endeavoured to console him; and added, that, instead of accusing him of weakness, all his friends were astonished at the general tranquillity and strength of mind with which he submitted to his affliction. By degrees, I drew him into a conversation upon one or two subjects which I knew lay nearest his heart. I introduced his version of the bible; I requested information upon a passage in the Song of Solomon, which I was then in the act of translating: our ideas upon this passage did not altogether coincide; he became animated in the defence of his own opinion—he forgot the disease he was labouring under—suddenly rose from his bed—and, to my utter astonishment, ran rapidly up stairs in pursuit of some annotations of his own, which he had formerly written upon the controverted question. I remained with him for about half an hour afterwards, and he still continued to enjoy himself: he suffered me to depart with great reluctance, and thanked me most cordially for the good I had done him. He soon, however, relapsed, and died a few days afterwards, Feb. 26, 1802, in the sixty-fifth year of his age; the rites of his own communion having been regularly administered to him, and received with great consolation on his own part, by M. St. Martin, a catholic clergyman and confidential friend.

"It has been insinuated, in a Journal of extensive circulation, and insinuated, moreover, in terms equally uncandid and untrue, that on his death-bed he recanted many of his opinions, and that such recantation has been studiously concealed. What the opinions may be which are here referred to, or to what incident such a rumour owes its birth, I have not been able to learn, although I have spared no pains in the investigation. On the day anterior to his decease, he was, as usual, visited by his friend M. St. Martin, professor of theology and a doctor of the Sorbonne, who had officially attended him as his priest during the whole of his illness. I have been minute in my inquiries of this gentleman as to the conversation that occurred in the course of this and former interviews, that I might have the fuller opportunity of proving the gross falsehood of the charge thus advanced. On entering the room, M. St. Martin found the doctor extremely comatose, and believed him to be in the utmost danger: he endeavoured to rouse him

from his lethargy, and proposed to him to receive absolution. Dr. Geddes observed that, in such case, it was necessary he should first make his confession. M. St. Martin was sensible that he had neither strength nor wakefulness enough for such an exertion, and replied, that *in extremis* this was not necessary; that he had only to examine the state of his own mind, and to make a sign when he was prepared. M. St. Martin is a gentleman of much liberality of sentiment, but strenuously attached to what are denominated the orthodox tenets of the catholic church: he had long beheld, with great grief of heart, what he conceived the aberrations of his learned friend; and had flattered himself, that in the course of this last illness he should be the happy instrument of recalling him to a full belief of every doctrine he had rejected; and, with this view, he was actually prepared, upon the present occasion, with a written list of questions, in the hope of obtaining from the doctor an accurate and satisfactory reply. He found, however, from the lethargic state of Dr. Geddes, that this regular process was impracticable. He could not avoid, nevertheless, examining the state of his mind as to several of the more important points upon which they differed. 'You fully,' said he, 'believe in the scriptures?' He roused himself from his sleep, and said, 'certainly.'—'In the doctrine of the Trinity?'—'Certainly; but not in the manner you mean.'—'In the mediation of Jesus Christ?'—'No, no, no, not as you mean; in Jesus Christ as our Saviour, but not in the atonement.' I inquired of M. St. Martin, if, in the course of what had occurred, he had any reason to suppose that his religious creed, either now, or in any other period of his illness, had sustained any shade of difference from what he had formerly professed. He replied, that he could not positively flatter himself with believing it had; that the most comfortable words he heard him utter were immediately after a short pause, and before the administration of absolution; 'I consent to all;' but that to these he could affix no definite meaning. I showed him the passage to which I now refer, in the Gentleman's Magazine: he carefully perused it, and immediately added that it was false in every respect. 'It would have given me great pleasure,' said he, 'to have heard him recant, but I cannot with certainty say that I perceived the least disposition in him to do so; and even the expression, 'I consent to all,' was rather, perhaps, uttered from a wish to oblige me as his friend, or a desire to shorten the conversation, than from any change in his opinions. After having thus examined himself, however, for some minutes, he gave a sign of being ready, and received absolution, as I had proposed to him. I then left him: he shook my hand heartily upon quitting him, and said that he was happy he had seen me.'

"It was the intention of this excellent priest to have visited him again in the evening, and to have passed the whole of the night in his room. On returning to the house, however, he was informed that the doctor's physicians had strictly prohibited his being seen by any of his friends that evening, in consequence of which, M. St. Martin returned home, with much reluctance; and on renewing his visit the next morning, found he was just dead. A domestic of the catholic persuasion who lived in an adjoining house, and had been frequent in her inquiries concerning the doctor, knocked at his door as he was in the very act of dying; and his confidential servant, terrified at the appearance of her master, readily opened the door and requested her to walk up stairs. She beheld him almost at his last gasp, and immediately repeated, according to the rites of her church, the Creed, Paternoster, and Ave Maria: Dr. Geddes just opened his eyes as she had concluded, gave her his benediction, and expired.

"I am sorry I am compelled to add, that the conduct of the liberal-minded, the truly catholic, and truly christian, M. St. Martin was not followed by his clerical superiors; and that the ceremony of saying public mass for the deceased was prohibited by an express interdict of Mr. Douglas, his vicar apostolic. Let not the reader, however, condemn the whole body of English catholics for this act of malevolent bigotry; a bigotry which would follow with its persecution an honest and conscientious man into the next world, after having con-

tributed all that was in its power to curtail his days in the present I know, and am authorized to say, that this malignant prohibition was lamented and objected to by many of the most respectable laymen of the catholic church; and whatever be its blame, therefore, it only attaches to that intolerant and contracted spirit which has been uniformly more obvious in the catholic priesthood than in the people at large, from the fanaticism imbibed in the course of a foreign education, and which strenuously opposed and had nearly frustrated the two last very important statutes in favour of its own community. Such an interdict might, perhaps, have been justified had Dr. Geddes been formally excommunicated from the catholic pale; but its vindication requires arguments not readily to be advanced by the keenest casuist, in the case of a member who, like the deceased, had neither voluntarily withdrawn himself, nor been forcibly rejected by his community; who had avowed, through the whole of his life, a zealous attachment to the catholic church, and, in death, had duteously complied with her most solemn requisitions." p. 528.

Though we have been thus copious in our extracts, yet we must add the Conclusion.

"Such, as far as I have been able to collect it, is the history of the late Dr. Geddes; a man of no common character, and whose energy of mind and activity of body seemed engaged in a perpetual contest for the mastery. In his corporeal make he was slender, and in the bold and formidable outlines of his countenance not highly prepossessing on a first interview; but never was there a face or a form thro' which the soul developed itself more completely than through his own. Every feature, and indeed every limb, was in harmony with the entire system, and displayed the restless and indefatigable operations of the interior of the machine. A play of cheerfulness beamed uniformly from his cheeks, and his animated eyes rather darted than looked benevolence. Yet such was the irritability of his nerves, that a slight degree of opposition to his opinions, and especially when advanced by persons whose mental powers did not warrant such opposition, put to flight in a moment the natural character of his countenance, and cheerfulness and benevolence were exchanged for exacerbation and tumult. Of this physical and irresistible impulse in his constitution, no man was more thoroughly sensible than himself; and if no man ever less succeeded in subduing it, no man ever took more pains to obtain a victory. Let us, however, fairly strike the balance, and we shall find, that if such a peculiar construction of body had its evil, it also had its advantage; and that the very irritability of soul which occasionally hurried him, against his consent, into a violence of controversy not perfectly consistent with the polished manners of the day, hurried him a thousand times oftener, and with a thousand times more rapidity, because assisted, instead of opposed, by his judgment into acts of kindness and benevolence. The moment he beheld the possibility of doing good by his own exertions, the good was instantly done, although it were to a man who, perhaps, had causelessly quarrelled with him a few hours before. It was not in his nature to pause, with our academic and cold-blooded philosophers of the present day, that he might first weigh the precise demand of moral or political justice, and inquire into the advantage that would accrue to himself, or in what manner the world at large might be benefitted either by a good action or a good example; it was stimulus enough for him that distress existed, and that he knew it; and it afterwards afforded him satisfaction enough that he had removed or mitigated it.

"In intellectual talents he had few equals, and fewer still who had improved the possession of equal talents in an equal degree. To an ardent thirst after knowledge, in all its multitudinous ramifications, he added an astonishing facility in acquiring and retaining it; and so extensive was his erudition, that it was difficult to start a subject into which he could not enter, and be heard with both attention and profit. But theology was the prime object of his pursuits, the darling science of his heart, which he had indefatigably studied from his infancy, and to which every other acquisition was made to bend. From his verbal knowledge of the bible, he

might have been regarded as a living concordance; and this, not with respect to any individual language alone, or the various and rival renderings of any individual language, but a concordance that should comprise the best exemplars of the most celebrated tongues into which the bible has ever been translated. As an interpreter of it, he was strictly faithful and honest to the meaning, or what he apprehended to be the meaning, of his original; and though in his critical remarks upon the text, he allowed himself a latitude and a boldness which injured his popularity, and drew upon his head a torrent of abusive appellations, how seldom have we seen a man systematically educated in the characteristic tenets of any established community whatsoever, and especially of the church of Rome, who, when he has once begun to feel his independence, and has determined to shake off his fetters and to think for himself, has not flown much further from the goal at which he started! The general ambition, corruption, and profligacy, of the catholic hierarchy, of those very pontiffs who claim to be the direct successors of the apostles, and through whose medium alone he believed himself capable of being acknowledged a member of Christ's visible church, whose persons he was bound to revere and whose ordinances implicitly to obey, became the first stumbling-block to his faith; and let those who conceive that the situation of a mind thus liberated from the bondage of its former creed, and all afloat in pursuit of a new and a better, is not in the highest degree critical and perilous—who find no difficulty in fixing the precise point between blindly believing too much and philosophically believing too little—once more return to the history of Voltaire, D'Alembert, Diderot, and their fellow encyclopedists, who, instructed in revealed religion from the same source, disgusted with the same criminalities and contradictions, and resolved, upon similar grounds, to act and determine for themselves—fled from catholicism to infidelity, and confounded the truths and simplicity of the gospel with the frauds, superstitions, and mummeries, with which, in their own country, they had been too generally interwoven.

"To an universal knowledge of the bible, Dr. Geddes added a deep and elaborate acquaintance with the history of his own church; and so thoroughly was he versed in its annals, in its jurisprudence, in its polemics, that I have good authority for asserting, that even at the Vatican it was doubted whether the papal dominions themselves could produce his superior.

"His classical attainments, if not of the first rate, were of a very distinguished character; and, when in his own language, he wrote with coolness and circumspection, his diction, which was always perspicuous, was peculiarly elegant and correct. His style is, nevertheless, extremely variable: he often composed precipitately, and occasionally in a state of high mental irritation; and though there be a character which still adheres to what he wrote, and fully deciphers the writer, his compositions uniformly partake of the predominant sensation of the moment. In a few words, he was a benevolent man, an accomplished scholar, an indefatigable friend, and a sincere christian.

"At his own particular desire, his remains were interred in Paddington church-yard, being the parish in which he died; and his funeral was attended by a long procession of carriages, not indecently empty, and sent for the mere purpose of external parade, but filled with friends who were strenuously attached to his person and will long venerate his memory; and who, though divided by different tenets into almost every class of christian and even political society, here consented to forget every nominal separation, and to unite in taking one common and affectionate farewel of a man who had been an honour to the generation in which he lived.

"A plain marble monument, with a short inscription engraven on it, selected from his own works, has been erected to his memory, by his patron, lord Petre, and is affixed to the outside of the entrance into the church." p. 538.

Thus have we given our readers a full account of Dr. Alexander Geddes, who, whatever were his peculiarities, either in sentiment or conduct, was an ornament to the republic of letters. Every scholar and every liberal-mind-

ed christian will regret that he did not live to finish his translation of the sacred writings.

CXI. SERMONS, *by* WILLIAM JAY. *vol.* 2. 8*vo.* 390 *pages.* 8*s. Williams.*

THE sermons of this popular preacher are well known to the public: their being free from controversial topics, and their possessing a practical tendency, render them deserving of general circulation. They are twelve in number, on the following subjects: —the quails; hope; parable of the two sons; christian diligence; the abuse of the divine forbearance; assurance; domestic happiness; happiness in death; service done for God rewarded; the disappointments of life; neutrality in religion exposed; and the family of our Lord.—We give the conclusion of the ninth discourse as a fair specimen of the whole.

"None can be losers by any thing they do for God. In one way or another, he will surely recompense them. Even services done for him by worldly men obtain a temporal reward. The Egyptian females, though strangers to the commonwealth of Israel, 'feared God, and did not as the king commanded them, but saved the men-children alive; therefore God dealt well with them, and he made them houses.' Jehu was a vain, ostentatious, wicked, prince, 'and departed not from the sins of Jeroboam the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin;'—but 'the Lord said unto Jehu, Because thou hast done well, in executing that which is right in mine eyes, and hast done unto the house of Ahab according to all that was in mine heart, thy children of the fourth generation shall sit upon the throne of Israel.' So here: 'I have given Nebuchadnezzar the land of Egypt, for his labour wherewith he served against it, because they wrought for ME, saith the Lord God.' This is indeed a poor recompence: it may appear splendid and important in the eye of the vain and the sensual, but the righteous are far from envying it. They dread to be excluded from future hope, by the sentence, 'they HAVE their reward.' They are more afraid of the destiny than of the malice of the wicked; and therefore pray, 'deliver my soul from the wicked, which is thy sword; from men of the world, who have their portion in this life, and whose belly thou fillest with thy hid treasure; they are full of children, and leave the rest of their substance to their babes. As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness.' Egypt was all the remuneration of Nebuchadnezzar; and what could it do for him? what is it to him now?

"Ye servants of the most high God, who know and love him—he has provided some better thing for you. You may argue from the less to the greater.—Does he reward heathens, and will he abandon christians? does he observe slaves, and disregard sons who serve him? does he honour instruments, and pass by those who strive to please and glorify him? 'Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.' He who noticed the hardships endured by the poor soldiers before Tyre, when every head was bald and every shoulder peeled, will not suffer you to labour in vain; he sees your difficulties; considers the burdens under which you groan; he hears your groans and your sighs, when without are fightings and within are fears. They who speak often one to another, and they who think only upon his name, are recorded in the book of his remembrance. 'God is not unrighteous to forget your work of faith and labour of love.' He applauded the widow's mite, and said of Mary, 'she hath done what she could.' 'He that receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet, shall receive a prophet's reward; and he that receiveth a righteous man in the name of a righteous man, shall receive a righteous man's reward; and whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily, I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward.'

"Christians, let all this animate you to vigorous and increasing exertion. It is condescension and kindness in God to employ you. He needs you not: he does it to improve you, to honour you, to enable you to procure what you can never deserve; to give

your happiness the nature of a reward. Do you not long to be employed by him: is it nothing to be workers together with God? is it a vain thing to serve the Lord? 'Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come.' 'There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and, in the world to come, life everlasting.' 'Be ye strong, therefore, and let not your hands be weak, for your work shall be rewarded.'

"Do you ask—how can we work for him?—In pulling down the strong holds of sin; in diffusing truth; in supporting the gospel; in maintaining the worship of God; in feeding the hungry; in teaching the ignorant; in reclaiming the vicious; for 'it is not the will of your Father who is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.'

"Do you ask—and what will be our reward?—You will find it in the very nature of your work; you will find it in the glow of pleasure which attends virtuous exertion; you will find it in the approving testimony of your own conscience; you will find it in the esteem of the wise and good; you will find it in the blessing of them that were ready to perish; you will find it in the applause of your Lord and Saviour—'Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

"—What! some are ready to exclaim, What, preaching up the doctrine of merit! God forbid. Merit! when both our disposition and our ability to serve him come from his grace? Merit! when there is no proportion between the reward and the work? Merit! when, after we have done all, we are unprofitable servants, and have done no more than was our duty to do? Merit! when in many things we all offend, and deserve condemnation for our defects, rather than recompence for our doings? Merit! when all who ever served God aright have exclaimed, 'not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give we glory, for thy name and for thy truth's sake: by the grace of God I am what I am—I laboured—yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me.' But let us not, under a senseless clamour, be afraid to do justice to the language of scripture; to bring forward motives which we find stated by infinite wisdom; to display the munificence of God, the folly of those who refuse his yoke, the wisdom of those who serve him;—'wherefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know your labour is not in vain in the Lord.'

"Finally, let us think of the Saviour. Did God remunerate a despicable tyrant for his labour and hardships, though they were not personal, and for fulfilling His purpose, though it was not intentional?—'Behold his Servant, whom he upholds; his Elect, in whom his soul delighteth!' This was expressly his motive: 'Lo! I come to do thy will, O God; thy law is within my heart.' He trod 'the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with him.' Behold him poor, not having where to lay his head; despised and rejected of men, exceeding sorrowful. What a life of suffering! what a death of anguish! What does God think of all this? 'He was obedient unto death, even the death of the cross; wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.' 'He shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hands. He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied. Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death; and he was numbered with the transgressors, and he bare the sins of many, and made intercession for transgressors. Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession. His name shall endure for ever, his name shall be continued as long

as the sun; and men shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who only doeth wonderful things. And blessed be his glorious name for ever; and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen and Amen.' p. 276.

CXII. ESSAYS *on Subjects of Miscellaneous Literature By* W. H. TURNER, A.B. T.C.D., M.D. 12*mo.* 170 *pages.* 3*s.*6*d. Debrett.*

THESE essays, by an Irish physician, are seven in number: on the eloquence of the pulpit; on the effects of luxury; on medical education; on novel writing; on empiricism; on the stage; and on the present state of Ireland. The first of these ingenious pieces shall be transcribed.

" *On the eloquence of the pulpit.*

" One of the chief faults of the generality of those writers who profess to deliver precepts for the successful cultivation of any branch of literature, seems to be, expressing themselves in too loose and general a way, instead of practically adapting their observations to the particular subject treated of. Thus we have many didactic pieces on eloquence in general, but few which consider its particular modifications. One of these, the most important and most neglected, the eloquence of the pulpit, it may be useful to make a few reflections on.

" The number of our preachers is immense—their education must be classical—their endeavours should be zealous. It is, however, a surprising truth, that, in general, (though, certainly, not in all cases) their weekly floods of oratory are diversified, if they start not out into extravagance, but by different gradations of dullness!

" The chief cause of this want of energy, where every exertion of the human intellect is called for, I believe to be custom. It is a generally received opinion, handed down to us from our ancestors and sanctioned by hereditary error, that, in a preacher, nothing more is necessary than sound doctrine, delivered in a plain, unanimated, manner. This opinion is not the more just for being general. Tho' the audience may not condemn, they will sleep; and of a moral truth, or a religious exhortation, caught up in the intervals of repose, the memory is not very tenacious. Besides, when we consider that the drowsy orator is combating, or should be combating, our dearest pleasures, our most cherished habits, vices implanted by imitation, rooted by custom, and nourished by passion, we cannot wonder that his warfare is not very successful.

" In order to the improvement of which the subject I am treating of is susceptible, a change should, I apprehend, be made in the situation and selection of the persons appropriated to the most honourable and (it should be) most useful class of society, the clergy. Let not the father of a family, when he discovers in one of his boys a droning mediocrity of talent, a temper callously insensible, or perhaps a certain timidity of disposition, which shrinks from the more active professions, pronounce that he will make a most excellent parson! Let not the stagnant lees of the university be annually swept into the church, and we shall cease to look on, with almost proverbial derision, the most respectable profession that can claim our attention, a profession which, in some countries, extends its empire over the body as well as the mind, in many, acquires riches, influence, and well-merited estimation.

" In vain, however, shall we endeavour to procure able and respectable labourers in the vineyard, whilst that vineyard repays their labours so churlishly. I suppose I will not be accused of alluding to those overgrown dignitaries of the church, who swallow up what should be more equally and more equitably distributed among their poor and laborious brethren. Indeed this inequality is so glaring, as to have become visible even to the interested optics of a bishop; and could eloquence, humanity, and good policy, have procured, for the suffering class of curates, a larger share of the crumbs which fall from their masters' tables, the efforts of the respectable Watson would not have been in vain. Was this aug-

mentation of income to the lower clergy procured, we should not so commonly find their public or private exhortations clouded with that damp of conscious inferiority so little becoming the character they should assume. We should not find the curate and the gentleman so frequently at variance. We should not see a well educated, virtuous, and enlightened, minister of the gospel blushing, in genteel company, at his want of almost the decencies of dress! whilst his dishevelled wife, if he has neglected the laws of prudence for the laws of nature, and dared to marry, tends, in a wretched lodging, an offspring in rags!

"Such scenes as these are disgraceful to the government that allows them. They are more—they are dangerous! for that government knows, that the enormous establishments of the great abbies in France, with the consequent indigence of the humble curés, was one of the proximate causes of the late series of revolutions in that country.

"From these painful reflexions, I return to the subject from which I wandered—the consideration of those points in which, I think, pulpit eloquence, as it is at present practised, may be improved.

"The first aim of every orator ought to be, to gain the attention of his hearers; because, without it, persuasion, which is his object, is impossible. In preaching, this should be most particularly attended to, since, in this species of oratory, it is most difficult to procure. There are so many obstacles to prevent the minds of his auditors being engaged by what he says, custom, pride, levity, a habit of considering sermons as mere matters of form, to say nothing of that wilful deafness which shuts its ears against disagreeable truths, that the preacher should, more than any other public speaker, set himself to seize upon the attention of those who surround him. And how does he, in general, attempt this?—By a dull monotony of utterance; a lifeless manner, an immoveable figure, an harangue filled with common-place scripture phrases and disgusting repetitions—and these, most probably, delivered with a clerical snuffle!

"A young clergyman, on his first beginning to preach, should consider, that the present mode of composition and delivery, even though it was sanctioned by good sense, is so trite, so hacknied, that he will have small chance of distinguishing himself by his oratorical exertions, unless he deviates considerably from it. I do not mean that, by extravagant gesture, outrageous declamation, and other similar graces of field-preaching, he should endeavour to collect a crowd by the strangeness of the show—but, by infusing a portion of vigorous novelty into his style and manner, to influence the understanding through the medium of the feelings. The general faults of preachers, at least the most glaring, I shall now briefly point out; and leave it to his own good sense and observation (for without both, these hints will avail him but little) to fill up a picture the contour of which I shall delineate.

"The cold, languid, manner of the generality of clergymen I have before mentioned to be avoided. Indeed, unless this is done, I know not what strength of argument or felicity of expression can make up for the defect. In casually listening to preachers of the non-conforming communities, I have observed, that, by an authoritative tone, suited to the ministers and messengers of the Supreme Being, together with the practice of addressing their auditors in the second person plural, a very powerful effect has been produced. I would, therefore, recommend the young candidate for clerical reputation, to lay aside the trite affectation of addressing his hearers in the phrase of *we*; a mode which fritters away those threats and exhortations which should come home to every individual's bosom.

"To the perfection of every species of public speaking, that graceful motion of the body and limbs called action, is indispensible. Indeed, even in private conversation, an apt gesture or motion, tho' perhaps the speaker be seated, is often wonderfully impressive; but where threats of infinite punishment, and promises of eternal happiness, are held forth—where the weight of argument is occasionally relieved by the pathos of feeling or the diffused graces of narration—where an appeal is made to the most powerful feelings of the human soul

—it is to me a matter of wonder, that the speaker can fail of kindling with his subject, and seconding, by appropriate and impressive action, admonitions of such eternal importance! What, however, is the usual practice? You see the orator, though clothed in that flowing drapery which, one would imagine, must tempt him to try the effects of those chaste yet dignified gestures it seems so well calculated to grace, standing either awkwardly contorted or absolutely perpendicular: his hands, in the mean time, are active only to turn the leaves of that drowsy production, on which his eyes, certainly for good reasons, are constantly rivetted!

"And here, whilst speaking of those talents which are necessary to form a perfect preacher, I cannot avoid the temptation of dignifying these pages with the name of a man who may serve as a living example of them all: every Irishman will perceive I mean Dean Kirwan. To give an analytical eulogium on certainly the most perfect orator this country, perhaps any country, ever produced, is not within the limits of an essay. When I just now recommended an energetic manner, I had in my recollection the electric effects of his oratory, propagated with the rapidity of lightning through audiences crowded beyond example. These effects were produced, partly, by a dignified and impressive action, which nothing but the consciousness of great abilities, stimulated by fervent zeal and chastened by a sound judgment, could produce; by a voice, whose modulations varied from the distant thunder to the softness of the summer breeze; by a diction, always elegant, always appropriate, always energetic; by a certain daring and happy licence of expression, which snatched from some art or science, from some subject apparently unconnected with his topic, a phrase, a word, which carried the sentiment, with the energy of feeling and conviction, to the understanding and the heart! But I check myself in the presumptuous attempt to appreciate his merits; his own talents are necessary for the task! The multitudes, chiefly of the softer sex, unsupported by parents or by fortune, rescued by his exertions, even at the hazard of life, from want, from infamy, from vice, will constitute his best encomium!

"I know not any mode of more effectually rousing an audience to attention than making use of an interesting exordium. In judicial eloquence, this is paid, and deservedly, minute attention to. In the pulpit, it is particularly ungraceful to plunge at once into the immediate consideration of the text; as if the speaker was anxious to get quit of his subject as speedily as possible. By an exordium, combining an earnest claim for that attention so particularly required yet so seldom given, with a modest remark on the inability of the preacher to acquit himself adequately on so momentous a subject—combining a dereliction of all affected importance with sufficient of that personal consequence necessary to enforce conviction and dignify persuasion—by such an exordium, apathy must be roused, pride conciliated, guilt terrified.

"Very few, indeed, privileged geniuses should attempt to commit themselves to the powers of memory, in extemporaneous preaching. A single error in the catenation of argument, in the disposition of the minutest part of his subject, may so derange a preacher's powers, as to make his remaining efforts an heap of absurdity. Though, however, in general, he should have his notes before him, they should be barely notes; or, if detailed and studied sentences, at least sufficiently committed to memory to prevent the ungraceful, almost absurd, and certainly most uninteresting, custom of reading a sermon, as it is emphatically called. Exhortations come with redoubled force, when apparently the unstudied offspring of the speaker's mind. But if a sermon is, in this manner, droned over, besides its want of gracefulness in a critical point of view, how can we feel interested or affected at listening to a set of sentences, copied, perhaps, from some old manuel of devotion; the offspring of obsolete theology, unadapted to existing circumstances and conditions, and calling itself a sermon, because stuffed with irrelevant, common-place, scripture phrases, elevations without dignity, and depressions without pathos!

"Many ministers of the church of England, though eminently qualified,

by nature and education, for the task of graceful recitation, are deficient in composition, from want, perhaps, of inclination or practice. To these I would recommend the precept of Mr. Addison, who, in one of his Spectators, advises such persons, instead of labouring, commonly in vain, at original composition, to adopt the eloquent productions of other writers, to the delivery of which, with credit to themselves and advantage to their hearers, their powers are so much better suited. Let not such a practice be stigmatized with the name of plagiarism: it is a reciprocal communication of profit, between the original author and the reciter, ingenuously adopted by the zeal of religion and the modesty of real merit, to forward the mutual purpose of both.

"It is a common fault in those who have read much and reflected little, to imagine, that points of controversy, together with the mysterious part of our religion, will serve as the best subjects for their discourses, and give them an air of learning and dignity. But I would wish to suggest, that even in this infidel age, there will not probably be many of their hearers much acquainted with Tyndal or Hume; so much are our modern race of free-thinkers swayed by imitation, passion, pride, rather than by the sophistical arguments contained in these writers. Even though they were adepts in the science of damning themselves with the greatest appearance of reason, the philosophical sceptics would not themselves be very rationally confuted by a speaker who had the whole debate to himself, and might choose out those arguments of his opponents which he found it most convenient to answer. In an university, indeed, where theology is taught as a science, such polemic harangues are in their proper place; the auditors, by being well acquainted, it is to be supposed, with both sides of the question, can perceive the force and utility of the confutation; but, in an ordinary congregation, I apprehend, inculcating the great truths of revealed religion, denouncing its threats and holding forth its promises, neglecting speculative for practical utility, pointing out the irrefragable connection between moral duty and religious obligation, as they are enforced by present as well as eternal sanctions, commanding moderation to the fortunate and offering consolation to the unhappy—these topics I apprehend to be of more probable utility to the generality of a church-audience than all the argumentative subtilty or profound research of Conybeare or Clarke. But, though chaste in its outline and carnation, I would not strip a sermon of well-placed ornament or apt allusion. Illustrations, taken from the sciences or the arts, sometimes, perhaps, from the grand outlines of political life, in fine, from polite literature in general, are highly useful. It is judicious to twine flowers round an object which should attract and detain our attention.

"It has been said by the British Petronius, that a man, in order to gain the title of well-bred, should, in some measure, resemble the camelion, and assume the hue of the company in which he is. In the same way, it is not enough for a sermon to be free from the faults I have mentioned; it should be particularly and carefully suited, both in sentiment, diction, and delivery, to the general taste of those who are to be its auditors. One of the chief causes of the success which methodist and other irregular preachers have met with among the lower classes, is this adapting their style and manner to the understanding and the feelings of their hearers.

"This should be an obvious truth to preachers; and a truth claiming attention from considerations of advantage to their own reputations, as well as profit to their hearers. To make use of the same elegance of expression, the same logical precision of argument, the same copiousness of literary illustration, in a remote village-church as in a polished city audience, would be almost the same kind of mockery of the rustic congregation, as if the preacher was to address them in an unknown tongue. Yet such a practice is by no means uncommon; and must be productive, among the simple parishioners, of contempt or terror; in either case, unpeopling the church to crowd the ale-house. How much more impressive and successful would a simple exhortation prove, delivered in a tone of parental authority, plainly and concisely detailing their moral and reli-

gious duties, enforcing these as much by the sanctions of temporal as eternal rewards and punishments; dwelling on practical morality previous to religious instruction, because it is necessary for the mind to be in a certain state of moral regularity and tranquillity before it can receive such instruction with effect; finally, introducing such temporal admonitions as may tend to make them contented and happy in their situation.

"Even in considering different parts of one metropolis, attention is to be paid to this circumstance of local fitness. While at what is called the polite end of the town, a polished manner and cultivated style is requisite to gain on the hearers, a plain, mercantile, congregation will be much more pleased and, indeed, edified by a simple, unadorned, practical, harangue. Let not the preacher disdain thus to vary his manner with the taste of his hearers: 'tis but clothing truth in that garb most likely to gain her universal admiration; and St. Paul, by a well-known precept, has sanctioned the practice.

"Before I conclude this subject, I wish to make an observation of considerable national as well as religious importance.

"It has lately been much the fashion to introduce political dissertations into sermons. At a late crisis in Ireland, when one common earthquake threatened to overturn at once both the altar and the throne, I am sure it was not only commendable but highly necessary, for the clergy to take one of the most public and impressive ways of attempting to remove from the eyes of their hearers the mists which deluded them. They were called on as christians, as pastors, as magistrates, to do so; and we have to lament, that their endeavours, in many instances, were so little successful But to argue from particular cases to general, is neither logical nor just. I think it very unbecoming clergymen, in the usual occurrences of political life, to intermix dissertations on those occurrences with religious admonitions; yet the practice has, I believe, not been uncommon. It forces an insinuation on our minds which should never attach to the motives of a minister of the gospel, and reminds me of a passage in Dr. Young's Night Thoughts, where, amid matters of the highest and most eternal importance, he introduces his regret at the hopeless attempt made by him on court favour." p. 21.

The essay on Ireland is designed to reconcile the minds of his countrymen to the union, by expatiating on the advantages which must accrue from it to posterity.

CXIII. ADDISONIANA. 2 *vols. sm.* 8vo. *about* 250 *pages each. Phillips.*

THESE volumes, which are very neatly printed, with a vignette of Addison and a vignette of his house at Bilton, contain much amusement. They are composed of a series of anecdotes; instead, therefore, of calling the work by the new-fashioned but barbarous title of Addisoniana, much better would it have been to have called it, Anecdotes, illustrative of the Life and Writings of Mr. Addison. We shall give his life, which is short, and the first six pages of the publication.

"*Sketch of the Life of Addison.*

"The life of Addison having been written by various hands, it will not be expected that much can be added to what is already told; and the nature of the present work requires only a general outline of those features which it is the business of the following pages to fill up and pourtray in all their minute and particular varieties.

"Joseph Addison, esq. was born on the 1st of May, 1672, at Milston, of which his father, Lancelot Addison, was then rector, near Amesbury, or Ambrosebury, in Wiltshire. He was sent to school to a Mr. Naigh, at Amesbury; and afterwards to Mr. Taylor, at Salisbury. His father being made dean of Lichfield in 1683, the son was then committed to the care of Mr. Shaw, master of the school in that city. He was next removed to the Chartreux, where he contracted that ardent friendship for Steele of which these volumes afford such striking and multifarious evidence.

"In 1687, he went to Oxford,

and was entered into Queen's College, and afterwards elected in Magdalen College as a demy; where he appears to have pursued with great industry and attention the study of the Greek and Roman authors. His Latin compositions, which are inserted in the Musæ Anglicanæ, have been deservedly praised both by his own countrymen and foreigners; among the latter, the celebrated M. Boileau has been particularly distinguished by the high encomiums paid to Mr. Addison on seeing this publication.

"In his twenty-second year, he addressed a copy of English verses to Mr. Dryden; and not long afterwards published a translation of the greater part of the fourth Georgic. About this time, he gave the arguments for the several books of Dryden's Virgil, and the Essay on the Georgics, which have been by many greatly admired, though others have censured them as somewhat superficial. The next publication of Addison was a Poem, inscribed to Henry Sacheverel, entitled, 'A Character of the greatest English Poets.'

"Not long after this, he was, by the means of Congreve, introduced to Mr. Montague, through whose persuasions, we are told, Addison was prevailed upon to relinquish his design of entering into holy orders.

"In 1695, he addressed a poem to king William; and in 1697, appeared his Latin poem on the peace of Ryswick, which he dedicated to Montague, and which has been praised as the best Latin poem since the Æneid. Having expressed an eager desire to travel, he, in 1699, obtained a pension of three hundred pounds a year, to enable him to make what is called the grand tour. At the ancient city of Blois, finely seated on the Loire, he continued nearly twelve months, with the design, as it has been said, to perfect himself in the French language. In December of the same year, he embarked at Marseilles for Genoa; quitting the gay region of France for the classic and genial shores of Italy. He returned to England through Switzerland, Germany, &c. Mr. Addison passed nearly three years on the continent: during this period of absence, he took care to store his mind with every thing worthy of remark in the various countries through which he travelled. At Vienna, and in different parts of Italy, he collected the materials for his Dialogues on Medals. It is also said, that he composed the first four acts of his tragedy of Cato whilst on the continent. His Letter to Lord Halifax, written from Italy, is esteemed one of the finest of all his poetical productions.

"On his return to England, he published his 'Travels,' with a dedication to lord Somers. This work was coldly received on its first appearance, but was afterwards so generally approved, as to be sold at a very high price before it could be reprinted. It would be invidious to quote names, or it would be no difficult matter to point out some late authors who have made great use of this book, without acknowledging the source from whence they had drawn their materials. In 1704, Mr. Addison was introduced, by lord Halifax, to lord Godolphin, as a fit person to celebrate the late glorious victory at Blenheim. As a reward for his well-known poem on this subject, the author was appointed to succeed Mr. Locke in the place of commissioner of appeals.

"In 1705, Mr. Addison went to Hanover with lord Halifax, and the year after, he was appointed under-secretary of state; first to sir Charles Hedges, and afterwards to the earl of Sunderland.

"A strong predilection for Italian music shewed itself about this time in England; Mr. Addison wished to try the effects of an opera in our own language, and accordingly produced his 'Rosamond,' which, though deservedly admired for the beauty of the style and sentiments, never succeeded on the stage; owing principally, as it has been said, to the wretchedness of the musical composition.

"The marquis of Wharton having received the appointment of lord lieutenant in Ireland, Mr. Addison was chosen by him as his secretary, and was made keeper of the records in Birmingham tower, with a salary of three hundred pounds a year.

"Whilst Mr. Addison was in Ireland, Steele, without any communication of his design, first began the periodical paper of the 'Tatler.' The author was, however, soon discovered by Addison, from a particular circumstance, of which a full explana-

tion is given in these volumes. Mr. Addison contributed his assistance to this work till the 23d of December, 1709; the paper was finally stopped a few weeks afterwards. In about two months, this publication was succeeded by the 'Spectator;' a work in which Mr. Addison bore a principal share. The papers written by him are all distinguished by one of the letters in the name of the muse CLIO.

"In the year 1713, appeared the famous tragedy of Cato, which Mr. Addison began, as has been already remarked, in the time of his travels. Of this production, it will be needless to speak in this place, as many articles in the following work particularly refer to this celebrated play. A short time previous to the arrival of George the first, Mr. Addison was made secretary to the regency.

"At the close of 1715, he began the 'Freeholder,' a paper written expressly in defence of the government. Amidst a variety of nervous and elegant essays which make up the volume, the account of the Tory fox-hunter has been most distinguished for its exquisite humour and satire.

"In 1716, he married Charlotte, countess dowager of Warwick, whom he obtained after a long and arduous courtship. This union, however it might increase his dignity, it is universally believed, added nothing to his happiness. Lady Warwick could never forget that the man whom she had now taken for her husband had once been tutor to her son. The elegant and accomplished mind of Addison met with no congenial sentiments in his countess; and she, it has been told, made him too sensibly feel the insulting distance of adventitious advancement.

"In 1717, Mr. Addison was raised to his highest elevation, being made principal secretary of state. Ill health, however, or, as some have insinuated, with more severity than truth, inability to execute the duties of the office, shortly afterwards compelled him to solicit his dismission, which he obtained, and retired upon a pension of fifteen hundred a year.

"After this period, he withdrew from the bustle of public life. In his retirement, he resumed his literary pursuits. Besides a tragedy which he had planned, "On the death of Socrates,' he began a work of high importance, entitled, 'A Defence of the Christian Religion,' which every one must regret he did not live to complete; he also had designed a new poetical version of the psalms.

"One of his latest literary projections was, a plan for an English dictionary: his examples for this work were principally drawn from the sermons of Dr. Tillotson; many of which he had marked as references for his authorities.

"But the end of this invaluable life was now fast approaching. An asthma, with which he had long struggled, gained rapidly upon him; and finding all resistance or application ineffectual, he dismissed his physicians, and began to prepare himself for the change which he was conscious so soon awaited him.

"Careful, even at this awful crisis, of his future reputation and character as a writer, he enjoined upon Mr. Tickell the especial care of collecting and publishing his works, which he, on his death-bed, bequeathed to his friend Mr. Craggs, in a letter, inserted in the second volume of these miscellanies, written, as is there stated, about a fortnight before his decease.

"Having taken a solemn leave of his friends, of the countess, and of the young earl of Warwick, to whom he addressed himself in the most impressive and affectionate terms, this great and good man expired in the utmost serenity and composure on the 17th of June, 1719, at Holland-house, near Kensington, in the 47th year of his age.

"*Addisoniana.*

"1. MISS AND MISTRESS.

"At the period of the publication of the Tatlers, we find many unmarried females addressed by the title of Mistress. Miss, a contraction of Mistress, appears in Miege's French Dictionary, 1688; but in 1709, the appellation of Miss seems to have had an idea of levity and childishness annexed to it, and to have been given only to girls not yet in their teens, or to indiscreet and inconsiderate young women. In Tatler, No. 9, the giddy Pastorella is styled Miss, but in No. 10, it is Mrs. Jenny Distaff, and she

was only turned of twenty. Tatler, No. 33, a young lady ridiculed for her unbecoming and injudicious headdress, is styled Miss Gruel; but in Tatler, No. 139, it is Mistress and not Miss Alice; and the same observation occurs in Tatler, No. 175, and in Tatler, No. 189, and in Spectator, No. 796. Depingle is named Madam in No. 7, and it is Madam Distaff in Tatler, No. 140. A young lady of nineteen is called Mistress in Spectator, No. 534. We meet with a Miss Liddy in Spectator, No. 306, and the title of honour given to her elder sister is, Madam Martha, but her precise age is not mentioned.

" In the original letters to the Tatler and Spectator, printed by Charles Lilly, there is a table of the titles and distinctions of women, from which what follows is extracted.

' Let all country gentlewomen, without regard to more or less fortune, content themselves with being addressed by the title of Mistress.

' Let Madam govern independently in the city, &c.

' Let no woman assume the title of Lady, without adding her name, to prove her right to it. Titles, flowing from real honour, support themselves. Let no woman, after the known age of twenty-one presume to admit of her being called Miss, unless she can fully prove she is one out of her sampler. Let every common maid-servant be plain Jane, Doll, or Sue; and let the better-born and higher-placed be distinguished by Mrs. Patience, Mrs. Prue, or Mrs. Abigail.'

" 2. LITERARY LABOUR.

" Addison, before he commenced his Spectator, had amassed materials with the assiduity of a student. Young, in his poetical epistle to Tickell, alluding to Addison's Spectators, says,

' A chance amusement polished half an age.'

But it has been since discovered that the reverse is the fact; for Addison had collected his materials to the amount of three folio volumes.

" 3. ADDISON'S CONVERSATION.

" The modest Addison was accused by a lady of being dull and heavy in conversation. ' Madam,' he replied, with great dignity, I have only nine-pence in my pocket; but I can draw for a thousand pounds.'

" 4. ISLINGTON.

" It is perhaps not generally known that Addison had apartments at the village of Islington, whither he occasionally retired, and where it is supposed he wrote some of the papers in the Spectators. In an old edition of that work appears the following note, subjoined to No. 393, which is signed with the letter I, one of the distinguishing marks of Addison.

' *I. ' By Addison, dated from Islington, where he had a summer residence.'

" 5. TATLER.

" The two most pleasing papers which embellish the Tatler are written by Addison. He there dwells on the idea of describing characters under the names of musical instruments, which has been applauded for its originality; but it is conjectured by Mr. D'Israeli, that this inimitable writer borrowed the idea from a curious paper which appeared in Philosophical Transactions for the year 1700.—The two numbers of Addison were published in 1710.

" The following is an extract from the paper above referred to.

' A conjecture at dispositions from the modulations of the voice.

' Sitting in some company, and having been but a little before musical, I chanced to take notice, that, in ordinary discourse, words were spoken in perfect notes; and that some of the company used eighths, some fifths, some thirds; and that his discourse which was most pleasing, his words, as to their tone, consisted most of concords, and were of discords of such as made up his harmony. The same person was the most affable, pleasant, and best-natured, in the company: this suggests a reason why many discourses which one hears with much pleasure, when they come to be read, scarce seem the same things.

' From this difference of music in speech we may conjecture that of tempers. We know the Doric mood sounds gravity and sobriety; the Lydian, buxomness and freedom; Æolics, sweet stillness and quiet compo-

sure; the Phrygian, jollity and youthful levity; the Ionic, is a stiller of storms and disturbances arising from passion. And why may we not reasonably suppose, that those whose speech naturally runs into the notes peculiar to any of these moods are, likewise, in nature, hereunto congenerous? C Fa ut, may shew me to be of an ordinary capacity though good disposition. G Sol re ut, to be peevish and effeminate. Flats, a manly or melancholic sadness. He who hath a voice which will, in some measure, agree with all Cliffs, to be of good parts and fit for a variety of employments, yet somewhat of an inconstant nature. Likewise, from the times: so semibriefs may speak a temper dull and phlegmatic; minums, grave and serious; crochets, a prompt wit; quavers, vehemency of passion, and scolds use them; semibrief-rest may denote one, either stupid or fuller of thoughts than he can utter; minum-rest, one in a passion. So that from the natural use of mood, note, and time, we may collect dispositions.' p. 6.

The work is illustrated, or rather enriched, by several fac-similes of Mr. Addison's hand-writing.

CXIV. TRAVELS *from Moscow, through Prussia, Germany, Switzerland, France, and England. By* NICOLAI KARAMSIN. *Translated from the German.* 3 *vols.* 12*mo. about* 250 *pages each.* 15*s. Badcock.*

THIS truly interesting work is the production of an intelligent Russian nobleman, and besides his remarks on customs and manners, he introduces us to the acquaintance of men of genius in almost every country he visited. We shall indulge the reader with a long extract from the first volume.

"*Eight Miles from Dresden. July* 10, 1789.

"So your friend is already in Saxony! I sent my packet to you from Berlin, on the 8th, and then intended to stay at least another week more in Berlin, but 'l'homme propose, Dieu dispose.' The very same evening I grew so low-spirited, that I knew not what to do. I sneaked through the streets with my hat over my eyes, and counted the stones with my stick. I could not recover my spirits. I went to the park; walked from one avenue into another; but I did not become more cheerful. 'What shall I do?' I asked myself, stopping at the end of the long linden walk, putting my hat back from over my eyes, and looking at the sun, which, in silent majesty, illumined the western horizon. For two minutes I sought an answer in the azure heaven and my own soul; in the third, I found it. 'Travel further! travel further!' I repeated to myself, and made a flourish with my stick in the air, like corporal Trim, in Tristram Shandy, when speaking of liberty. Our sensations were certainly in unison. Yes, good-hearted Trim, nothing can be so sweet as liberty! thought I, whilst returning with hasty steps to the city. He who is not yet confined in the cage, but, like the birds of heaven, can be here or there, may still be satisfied with his existence, and be happy—he *must* be happy.

"I therefore resolved to proceed on my journey the next day, without waiting for the meeting of the academicians of Berlin. I ought certainly to have visited Mr. K. who had invited me through Mr. M.; but this was not sufficient to detain me. I spent the last evening very agreeably, in company with the amiable D. and the next day I packed up my trunk, paid Mr. Blum, and set off for Saxony. I travelled with the common post-coach, which is here an open vehicle. My companions were, two students and a merchant of Leipzig.

"On the second stage, I took extra post. The cursed post-coach had so shaken me, that I still feel a pain in my breast from it; besides this, I got a cut over one of my eyes, and have to thank God that neither of them received any injury. The road on the Saxon frontiers leads almost always through woods; and the post-coach being very high and uncovered, the passengers are obliged incessantly to stoop down, that they may not have their brains knocked out against the branches of the trees. I fell asleep in the evening, and received from a branch such a blow as struck fire from

my eyes. This induced me to leave the jolly students.

"The extra post is almost four times dearer than the common. For a post-chaise with two horses you pay one dollar for four miles. The Saxon postillions differ from the Prussian only in having blue jackets, while those of the former are yellow; for the rest, they are just as tender of their horses, as fond of stopping to drink at the inns, and equally rude.

"The roads in Saxony are very bad, and between Berlin and this place I have not yet seen a pleasing landscape; however, the country appears better cultivated than in Brandenburg: the Saxon peasants are at least more wealthy than the Prussian.

"I must, however, describe an occurrence which has left agreeable impressions on my mind.

"The post-master of a small town where I changed horses this day at noon, detained me a considerable time. I walked about the yard, and thought—I know not of what; I only know, that the rattling of a coach which stopped at the post-house destroyed the thread of my thoughts. I went out, and saw a beautiful, genteel, and amiable, young lady, with a most delicate complexion, a neat black hat, and dressed in a green riding-habit, with a white pocket-handkerchief in her hand, step out of the coach, together with an hump-backed old fellow, with an enormous nose, and who would cut no inconsiderable figure among Hogarth's caricatures. He gave her his arm; I took off my hat as they passed me, and bowed to the fair stranger;—but, to tell the truth, not very low, that I might not lose sight of her enchanting face even for a moment. The post-master received the guests in the hall, with a multitude of compliments. After conducting them to an apartment, he himself ran for some spring water, which the lady wanted to refresh her charms. The door was shut, and I remained alone in the hall. But might not the door be opened again? thought I, and opened it quite gently. The lady was standing before the looking-glass, and wiping the dust with her white handkerchief from her face, which surpassed it in whiteness: her fellow traveller was sitting, yawning, in an arm-chair. 'I beg your pardon,' said I, 'I have left a book here.' The hump-backed cavalier nodded, and pointed to the book, which was lying on the table. The lady turned round, and viewed me with such clear and penetrating eyes, that I should certainly have blushed, if I had entertained any improper thoughts; but I gazed with tranquil innocence at her beauteous blue eyes, her regular Grecian nose, her ruby lips, and the roses and lilies of her cheeks: her charms gave me as much delight as a young statuary receives from a statue of Michael Angelo, or a painter from the productions of Raphael. She sat down, and I remained standing before her, without taking up my book. 'It is a very hot day,' said she, with a most agreeable voice, looking at her fellow-traveller and me. He gaped, and I repeated her words—'it is a very hot day.' A silence of some minutes succeeded, which I interrupted, by asking, 'perhaps you are going to Dresden, madam?' 'No,' replied she, 'we are going to the country, to visit a friend; but probably you are going thither?' 'Yes,' madam, 'I hope to be there early to-morrow morning.' 'Excuse my liberty, but are not you a foreigner?' 'Yes, madam.' 'Certainly you must be an Englishman, because the English, in general, speak German very well.' 'I beg your pardon, I am a Moscovite.' 'A Moscovite! O my God! I never saw a Moscovite before in my life.' 'I have,' said the hump-backed cavalier, still yawning. 'But pray what brings you to this country?' 'Curiosity, madam.' 'You must then be extremely curious indeed; for you have probably left much that is dear to you behind in your own country. 'Enough, enough, I have left my native land and friends.' God knows how far this conversation would have led us, if the post-master had not returned with water, and at the same time told me that my carriage was ready. I made a low bow to the beauteous stranger, and she wished me a good journey. A fine meadow, a noble wood, a handsome female, in short, every thing fine, pleases me, where and in whatever form I meet with it. The figure of the pretty Saxon was impressed on my soul—an additional ornament in the picture-gal-

lery of my imagination. At this station I have resolved to pass the night. The clock is now striking ten, and I have directed that I shall be called at four o'clock. I am now going to bed. Good night.

" *Dresden. July* 12.

" It was a charming morning: the birds sung and the fawns frisked by the road side. Suddenly, Dresden appeared in view, situated on an extensive plain, through which flows the silent Elbe. The green hills on one side of the river, the majestic city, and a wide fertile vale, combined to form a delightful prospect. I arrived in Dresden in excellent humour; and, at first sight, this town appeared even handsomer than Berlin. I alighted at the post-house, and, after changing my clothes, I went to Mr. P—, to whom I had a letter from Moscow. He received me very politely, and offered to introduce me to several persons in Dresden, whose acquaintance might be of service to me; but as I shall only stay here three days, and shall consequently not have time to make use of those acquaintance, I could only thank him for his kind offer. We went together about the town. Dresden certainly surpasses Berlin in the magnitude of its buildings; but the streets are much narrower. It is computed to contain thirty-five thousand inhabitants, which is certainly a small population, in comparison to the extent of the town and the magnitude of the houses. In fact, but few people are seen in the streets, and there is scarcely a house, where there is not a bill with apartments to let. Two or three neatly furnished rooms may be had at the rate of seven rubles per month. Here and there may be seen marks of the devastation occasioned by the Prussian artillery in the year 1760.

" I stood above an hour upon the bridge, which divides the new town from the old; and could not satiate my eyes with the sight of the admirable picture presented by the two divisions of the town, and the beautiful river. This bridge is six hundred and seventy paces long, and is considered the best in Germany: at the sides of it are footpaths and places to rest in.

" Mr. P. invited me to dine with him. 'You must see my family,' said he. I was received by a lady of about forty, with a look commanding respect, and a girl of twenty, who, though not a beauty, may, however, be called pretty, and is very amiable. 'This is my whole family,' said Mr. P. and I kissed both their hands. It was a frugal meal, but there was plenty. My host and hostess inquired about Russia, and their questions were so sensible, that I was not at all embarrassed to answer them. Mr. P. is not a man of letters by profession, but he has read much, and he spoke with great animation of the works of some of the German poets, over a bottle of old Rhenish, which the hostess herself brought us. The charming Charlotte scarcely spoke at all; but her looks and smiles were very expressive. After dinner, she played, at her father's desire, on the pianoforte, and I could have listened to her till night. From thence, I went to the celebrated picture-gallery, which is reckoned one of the first in Europe. I was there for above three hours, but I had not time enough to view all the pictures. Not three hours, but several months, would be required to examine the treasures of this gallery. I viewed with particular attention the following paintings. Raphael's* Ma-

" * Raphael, the chief of the Roman school, is unanimously considered the first of painters. None so well understood the beauties of the ancient style, and none studied anatomy with such attention as Raphael; so that with regard to expression he has no equal. But the knowledge which he acquired by means of this study of the human body would certainly not have made him so great a painter, if nature had not endowed him with a creative genius, without which the painter is but a tame copyist. A celestial fire animates his pencil, when he represents the Deity. In the features of his heroes is discovered unconquerable intrepidity. In his pictures of Venus and Roxane is combined every female charm; and in his Mary, are blended beauty, innocence, and sanctity. The faces of his tyrants excite terror, and the animated features of heavenly patience in his martyrs produce admiration. However, his pictures are not all equally valuable: his later pieces are, beyond comparison, better than his early ones. The Transfiguration of Christ is esteemed his best work. This great artist died prematurely. His inordinate inclination

ry, with the child Jesus in her arms, before whom St. Sixtus and St. Barbara are kneeling.

" Correggio's* Night, on which so much has been said and written. The mixture of light and shade in this piece is truly surprising.

" By Michael Angelo†—a picture representing a criminal under sentence of death; and in the back ground a city.

" By Julio Romano‡—a Pan, instructing a young Shepherd to play on the flute; Cecilia playing, surrounded with saints, &c.

" By Veronese §—the Resurrection; the Rape of Europa, &c.

to women led him to a life of debauchery, and brought on him an incurable disease. He was born at Urbino, in the year 1480, and died at Rome, 1520.

" * Correggio, the first painter of the Lombard school, rose almost unaided to a high degree of perfection in his art. He had never been out of his own country, and had scarcely seen any good pictures or antiques. His pencil is the ne plus ultra of the tender and agreeable. His expression is certainly not perfectly correct, but, however, evinces great ability. His heads are exquisite, and the colouring inimitable. He knew how to represent flesh very naturally, and his faces are highly agreeable. In short, his paintings excite admiration; and if he had seen the chefs-d'œuvre of his art, at Rome and Venice, he would probably have acquired a more correct expression, and perhaps have surpassed even Raphael.

" He passed his whole life in the greatest poverty: he was modest, contented with little, and a friend of all men. The cause of his death is remarkable. He had sold one of his pictures at Parma, and had received for it a bag of copper money, which he carried home himself. The day was hot, and he had sixteen miles to walk. Rejoicing at the prospect of protecting his family from want for some time, he felt no fatigue; but when he got home, he threw himself on the bed, and was attacked by an inflammatory fever, which terminated his life in a few days. He was born in the year 1532, and died 1588.

" † Michael Angelo was a great architect, painter, and statuary. The cupola of St. Peter's church in Rome, erected by him, is a proof of his skill in architecture. His paintings do not excite agreeable sensations so much as astonishment, because he has always employed himself on the difficult and extraordinary. As a good anatomist, he has taken too great pains to represent the real figure of the muscles, and his flesh is too red. But if the productions of his pencil are not absolutely of the first rate, yet with regard to expression he has never been surpassed. As a statuary, he was still greater. His Cupids, his Bacchus, and a young Satyr, are considered as the best works of his chisel. Michael Angelo was very facetious. When pope Julius once asked him, very angrily, 'why he had not used gold in his pictures from the old testament, as the preceding painters had done?' he replied, in a submissive manner, 'that the holy men he had painted considered splendid clothes as a false ornament.'

" In order to give Raphael to understand that he had seen his Galatea in the Farnese palace, he drew on the wall, with a piece of charcoal, the head of a fawn, which is still shewn there. Raphael said when he saw it, 'nobody could have drawn such a head but Michael Angelo.' When strangers are shewn the Crucifixion of Christ, by this artist, they are commonly told, that he killed the man who served him for a model, in order to represent the dying Saviour as naturally as possible; but this anecdote is by no means probable. He was born in the year 1474, and died 1564.

" ‡ Julio Romano, the first of Raphael's scholars, had a fertile imagination; his forte lay in expression. All his figures are very good; it is a pity, however, he followed the antique style more closely than nature. It may be said, that his pieces are too regular, and his faces, therefore, are all like each other. Like Michael Angelo, he coloured the flesh too high, and his colouring in general is dark. He was born 1492, and died 1546.

" § The paintings of Paul Veronese are distinguished for the animation and gracefulness of the figures, and likewise for the liveliness of the colouring. Nature was his original; but he improved her defects, as a great artist. The following anecdote, among others, is related of him. Being once overtaken by a storm, accompanied with rain, on the road near Venice, he was under the necessity of applying for shelter at the country-house of the procurator Pisani. That gentleman received him with great friendship and politeness, and would not allow him to go away again for several days. During this time, he privately employed himself in painting the family of Darius, containing twenty figures as large as life, and concealed it under the bed. At taking leave, he told the pro-

" By Annibal Caracci *—the Genius of Fame flying through the air; Mary and her child; Matthew and John, &c.

" By Tintoret †—Apollo and the Muses; the Fall of the Angels.

" By Bassano ‡—Israelites in the Wilderness; the Family of Noah, &c.

" By Giordani §—the Rape of the Sabines; Socrates dying; Susanna in the Bath, &c.

" By Rosa ‖—his own Portrait;

curator, that he had left something there as a small proof of his gratitude for the kind reception he had experienced. He was born 1532, and died 1588.

" * Few painters possessed such a rich imagination as Annibal Caracci, and few have surpassed him in expression. In his later pictures, which he painted at Rome; the colouring is likewise very fine. His chef-d'œuvre is the Farnese gallery at Rome, on which he was employed eight years, but for which he was very ill paid. He had many enemies, who envied his fame. He was born 1560, and died 1609. He was interred beside Raphael, whom he esteemed above every other painter.

" † Tintoret, a Venetian painter, endeavoured to combine in his pictures the excellencies of Michael Angelo with those of Titian; that is, he imitated the expression of the former, and he endeavoured to equal the latter in the colouring. Titian's colouring is justly thought superior. His paintings are not equally excellent; and it is therefore said of him, that he sometimes painted with a gold, sometimes with a silver, and sometimes with an iron, pencil. He was born 1512, and died 1594.

" ‡ The liveliness of the colouring is particularly to be admired in the paintings of Bassano; but, like the rest of the Venetian painters, he does not excel in expression. He painted the flesh extremely well, but his drapery is bad. His forte was in landscape. He was born in 1570, and died in 1592.

" § Ease and lightness are the particular excellence of Giordani's productions; but, as he has painted by far too much, none of his pieces are finished; and, besides, his expression is not correct. He took Paul Veronese for his model; but he was such an exquisite imitator of the other great masters, that even connoisseurs mistook his copies for originals. He was born in Naples, 1632, and died 1705.

" ‖ Salvator Rosa, a Neapolitan painter, was more celebrated for landscape than historical pieces. His figures are

and a Landscape with Trees, in which an old man, seated, is speaking to two others, who are standing.

" By Poussin *—the Sacrifice of Noah; a Landscape, with two nymphs seated, and Narcissus looking at himself in the water; and another, of a naked nymph asleep, with two men peeping at her from behind a tree.

" By Rubens †—Mary, sitting with her child, and the angels bringing fruit to her; the last Judgment; Christ, sleeping in the ship during the storm; the Rape of Proserpine; Silenus drunk with the Nymphs; Venus and Adonis; Cupid punished, being held by one woman, whilst another chastises him with a rod; Neptune calming the sea, &c.

" By Van Dyk ‡—Portraits of

mostly irregular, but his productions are distinguished for boldness and animation. He painted trees, mountains, and views, in general, admirably. He was born 1615, and died 1673.

" * Sublimity and animated expression of the passions are the peculiar excellencies of the pictures of Nicolai Poussin, a celebrated French painter. His expression is regular, but his colouring is not good. In this point, he resembles the Roman painters, who commonly neglect the colouring. His landscapes are very fine. He was born 1594, and died 1663.

" † Rubens is justly called the Flemish Raphael. What poetic spirit distinguishes his pictures! what a richness of thought! what harmony throughout! what colouring! what faces! what drapery! He never studied the antique, but only imitated nature. However, the regularity of expression which distinguishes the Roman school is not to be found in his paintings.

" Rubens is not only celebrated as a painter, but also as a statesman. It was he who, as ambassador to England, inclined Charles I to make peace with Spain. After his return to Flanders, he married Helena Formann, a celebrated beauty, who frequently served him as a model. He was born 1577, and died 1640.

" ‡ Van Dyk, a disciple of Rubens, is the first portrait-painter in the world. His colouring is not inferior to that of his master, and his heads and hands are incomparable; but he was rather inferior in historic pieces, because he was not possessed of that poetic spirit which animated Rubens.

" King Charles I invited him to England, where he might have acquired a

Charles II and James II; St. Jerome, with a lion lying at his feet; a Lion, &c.

"Finally, a picture by Mengs, whose pieces are very numerous here; among others, some exquisite pieces of perspective are particularly distinguished; and likewise of fruit, which are so natural, as almost to make the spectator reach to pluck the grapes and other fruits. The finest pieces were brought from Modena to Dresden; for instance, the Night of Coreggio. The king of Poland, Augustus the Third, was a great amateur of the art, and spared no money for the purchase of good pictures.

"The overseer told us, that ten of the finest pictures had been stolen from the gallery a few weeks before; but, fortunately, the thieves were soon detected, and the pictures brought back to their former places. When going, I gave the inspector a Dutch ducat for his trouble.

"I had still to see the Green Cabinet, which is a collection of rare curiosities, particularly precious stones, which is perhaps superior to any in the world. I paid another Dutch ducat for seeing this magnificent cabinet of the elector of Saxony; and for the satisfaction of being able in future to say, I have seen that rarity. I was told, that a French nobleman, who was shewn this cabinet of valuable curiosities, said to the elector, 'it is fine, very fine, indeed; but how much has it cost your serene highness?'

"Next to the gallery of pictures and the green cabinet, the library is the most deserving of notice. Every traveller who makes any pretensions to literature thinks it necessary to see it; that is, to look at the long rows of volumes, and then exclaim, 'what a large collection of books?' Among other Greek MSS. is shown a very old one of a tragedy of Euripides, purchased, for this library, of the late professor Matthai, of Moscow. He received from the elector, for this and a few other manuscripts, above 1500 dollars. In the evening, I was in the Zwinger-garden, which is not large, but very pretty. I then returned home, and wrote what you have now read. Our ambassador is not in Dresden at present, he has gone to Carlsbad.

"*The 12th of July.*

"To-day, I attended mass in the court chapel. The magnificent temple, the melodious singing, accompanied by the full-toned organ, the priests, with their arms extended towards heaven, altogether excited in me an agreeable awe. It seemed as if I was in the congregation of the angels, and heard the voices of the holy choirs chanting hymns of praise to the Most High. My knees bent involuntarily: I sunk down, and prayed from the fulness of my heart.

"*The 12th of July, 10 o'clock at night.*

"After dinner I was at the house of our young priest, where I also became acquainted with the Russian chargé des affaires. From thence, I went about the town, and afterwards to the so-called Great Garden. A long avenue led me to an extensive meadow. Here, to the left, I saw the Elbe, and a chain of high mountains stretching by the river side, as far as the eye can reach, and covered with wood; from the bosom of which, here and there, rise roofs of houses, and steeples. On the right, were fertile fields, and a fresh verdure, covered with flowers, surrounded me. This charming picture was tinged by the mild rays of the setting sun. I beheld—I enjoyed it—I shed tears of joy. Lovely nature! tender mother! with what inexpressible delight dost thou fill the hearts of thy children, when they come to thee, and seek consolation in thy arms! I never before felt so powerfully, that we are here to enjoy, and to be happy; and perhaps my heart was never so pure, so grateful to my Creator, as at that moment. If nothing is lost in the vast round of the creation, then those tears which dropped from my eyes in that meadow will certainly not be lost; and they may perhaps serve to expunge some black spots in the book of my life.

"And to you, ye enamelled banks of the Elbe, ye verdant woods and hills, will I pay the tribute of praise, when I return to my remote northern

fortune by his profession, if he had lived regularly and not meddled with alchymy. He was born 1599, and died 1641.

native clime! I shall, in the hours of solitude, call to mind the past." vol. i. p. 134.

We may give other extracts on a future occasion.

(To be continued.)

CXV. THE *Algerine Captive; or, the Life and Adventures of Doctor Updike Underhill, six years a Prisoner among the Algerines.* 2 *vols.* 12*mo.* 200 *pages each.* 6*s.* *Robinsons.*

THESE are the real adventures of an American physician, and are told with uncommon spirit and animation. We meet with much curious information respecting the Algerines, but we shall transcribe his account of being a schoolmaster: it will impart some idea of the troublesome nature of the office in the new world.

"CHAP. VII.

' Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot;
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind;
To breathe th' enliv'ning spirit, and to fix
The gen'rous purpose in the glowing breast.
Thomson's Seasons.'

"ARGUMENT.

"*The Author keepeth a country school. The anticipations, pleasures, and profits, of a pedagogue.*

"By our minister's recommendation, I was engaged to keep a school in a neighbouring town, so soon as our fall's work was over.

"How my heart dilated with the prospect, in the tedious interval previous to my entering upon my school! How often have I stood suspended over my dung-fork, and anticipated my scholars, seated in awful silence around me, my arm-chair, and birchen sceptre of authority! There was an echo in my father's sheep pasture. More than once I have repaired there alone, and exclaimed, with a loud voice, ' is *master* Updike Underhill at home? I would speak with *master* Underhill!' for the pleasure of hearing how my title sounded. Dost thou smile, indignant reader? pause, and recollect if these sensations have not been familiar to thee, at some time in thy life; if thou answerest disdainfully—no—then I aver thou hast never been a corporal in the militia nor a sophimore at college.

"At times, I however entertained less pleasing but more rational contemplations on my prospects. As I had been once unmercifully whipped, for detecting my master in a false concord, I resolved to be mild in my government, to avoid all manual correction; and doubted not by these means to secure the love and respect of my pupils.

"In the interim of school hours, and in those peaceful intervals when my pupils were engaged in study, I hoped to indulge myself with my favourite Greek. I expected to be overwhelmed with the gratitude of their parents, for pouring the fresh instruction over the minds of their children, and teaching their young ideas how to shoot. I anticipated independence from my salary, which was to be equal to four dollars, hard money, per month, and my boarding; and expected to find amusement and pleasure among the circles of the young, and to derive information and delight from the classic converse of the minister.

"In due time, my ambition was gratified, and I placed at the head of a school, consisting of about sixty scholars. Excepting three or four overgrown boys of eighteen, the generality of them were under the age of seven years. Perhaps a more ragged, ill bred, ignorant, set never were collected for the punishment of a poor pedagogue. To study in school was impossible. Instead of the silence I anticipated, there was an incessant clamour. Predominant among the jarring sounds were—Sir, may I read? May I spell? Master, may I go out? Will master mend my pen?—What with the pouting of the small children, sent to school, not to learn, but to keep them out of harm's way, and the gruff surly complaints of the larger ones, I was nearly distracted. Homer's *polupbloisboio thalasses*, roaring sea was a whisper to it. My re-

solution to avoid beating them made me invent small punishments, which often have a salutary impression on delicate minds; but they were insensible to shame. The putting of a paper fool's cap on one, and ordering another under my great chair, only excited mirth in the school; which the very delinquents themselves often increased by loud peals of laughter. Going, one frosty morning, into my school, I found one of the larger boys sitting by the fire in my arm chair: I gently requested him to move: he replied, that he would, when he had warmed himself:—'father finds wood, and not you.' To have my throne usurped, in the face of the whole school, shook my government to the centre. I immediately snatched my two-foot rule, and laid it pretty smartly across his back. He quitted the chair, muttering that he would tell father. I found his threats of more consequence than I apprehended. The same afternoon, a tall raw-boned man called me to the door: immediately collaring me with one hand, and holding a cart-whip over my head with the other, with fury in his face, he vowed he would whip the skin from my bones, if ever I struck Jotham again: aye, he would do it that very moment, if he was not afraid I would take the law of him. This was the only instance of the overwhelming gratitude of parents I received. The next day, it was reported all over town what a cruel man the master was. 'Poor Jotham came into school half frozen and near fainting: master had been sitting a whole hour by the warm fire; he only begged him to let him warm himself a little, when the master rose in a rage, and cut open his head with the tongs, and his life was despaired of.'

"Fatigued with the vexations of my school, I one evening repaired to the tavern, and mixed with some of the young men of the town. Their conversation I could not relish; mine they could not comprehend. The subject of race-horses being introduced, I ventured to descant upon Xanthus, the immortal courser of Achilles. They had never heard of 'squire Achilles or his horse; but they offered to bet two to one that Bajazet, the Old Roan, or the deacon's mare, Pumpkin and Milk, would beat him, and challenged me to appoint time and place.

"Nor was I more acceptable among the young women. Being invited to spend an evening, after a quilting, I thought this a happy opportunity to introduce Andromache, the wife of the great Hector, at her loom; and Penelope, the faithful wife of Ulysses, weaving her seven years' web. This was received with a stupid stare, until I mentioned the long time the queen of Ulysses was weaving; when a smart young woman observed, that she supposed miss Penelope's yarn was rotted in whitening, that made her so long; and then told a tedious story of a piece of cotton and linen she had herself woven, under the same circumstances. She had no sooner finished, than, to enforce my observations, I recited above forty lines of Greek from the Odyssey, and then began a dissertation on the cæsura. In the midst of my harangue, a florid-faced young man at the further end of the room, with two large prominent foreteeth, remarkably white, began to sing,

"Fire upon the mountains! run, boys, run!'

and immediately the whole company rushed forward to see who should get a chance in the reel of six.

"I was about retiring, fatigued and disgusted, when it was hinted to me, that I might wait on miss Mima home; but as I could recollect no word in the Greek which would construe into *bundling*, or any of Homer's heroes who *got the bag*, I declined. In the Latin, it is true, that Æneas and Dido in the cave, seem something like a precedent. It was reported all over the town the next day, that master was a *papish*, as he had talked French two hours.

"Disappointed of recreation among the young, my next object was the minister. Here I expected pleasure and profit. He had spent many years in preaching for the edification of private families, and was settled in the town in a fit of enthusiasm; when the people drove away a clergyman respectable for his years and learning: this he was pleased to call an awakening. He lectured me at the first onset for not attending the conference and night meetings; talked much of

gifts, and decried human learning, as carnal and devilish; and well he might, he certainly was under no obligations to it; for a new singing-master coming into town, the young people, by their master's advice, were for introducing Dr. Watts's version of the psalms. Although I argued with the minister an hour, he remains firmly convinced, to this day, that the version of Sternhold and Hopkins is the same, in language, letter, and metre, with those psalms king David chanted in the city of Jerusalem.

"As for the independence I had founded on my wages, it vanished, like the rest of my scholastic prospects. I had contracted some debts. My request for present payment was received with astonishment. I found I was not to expect it until the next autumn, and then not in cash, but produce; to become my own collector, and pick up my dues, half a peck of corn or rye in a place.

"I was almost distracted, and yearned for the expiration of my contract, when an unexpected period was put to my distress. News was brought, that, by the carelessness of the boys, the school-house was burnt down. The common cry now was, that I ought in justice to pay for it, as to my want of proper government the carelessness of the boys ought to be imputed. The beating of Jotham was forgotten, and a thousand stories of my want of proper spirit circulated. These reports, and even the loss of a valuable Gradus ad Parnassum, did not damp my joy. I am sometimes led to believe, that my emancipation from real slavery, in Algiers, did not afford me sincerer joy than I experienced at that moment.

"I returned to my father, who received me with kindness. My mother heard the story of my discomfitures with transport; as, she said, she had no doubt that her dream, about my falling into the hands of savages, was now out." vol. i. p. 53.

This publication yields much instruction as well as entertainment.

CXVI. THE *Duty of every Briton at this perilous moment; a Sermon, preached at Worship-street, on Wednesday, Oct.* 19, 1803, *being the day appointed for a National Fast; to which is added, an Account of the Destruction of the Spanish Armada, being the greatest Force ever brought together for the Invasion of this Country. By* JOHN EVANS, A. M. 8vo. 30 *pages.* 1s. *Symonds and Ostell.*

THIS truly animated discourse has for its text Isaiah xli. 6. 'They helped every one his neighbour, and every one said unto his brother, Be of good courage.' We shall give the advertisement, the introduction to the sermon, and the conclusion.

"ADVERTISEMENT.

"Solon, the legislator of Athens, enacted a law, to punish every citizen with death who remained neuter, when the great interests of the public were at stake.—We must condemn the rigour of the injunction, but the principle is of unquestionable utility. Having, at the request of his worthy friend Mr. William Titford, edited the 'Address to the Inhabitants of Britain, founded on the Advice of Nehemiah to the Jews,' which has been favourably received,* the author now thinks it incumbent on him, as the father of a family, as an instructor of the rising generation, and as the pastor of a society of protestant dissenters, to bear his own testimony, however feeble, against an invading enemy.

"*Christian Brethren!*

"Not much more than twelve months ago, did I congratulate you, from the place where I now stand, on the restoration of peace; and earnestly recommended the cultivation of the blessing in your private, social, and public, capacity.† Whence, then,

"* To be had (price 3d. or 2s. 6d. per dozen) of Ginger, Piccadilly, and Asperne, Cornhill. The last edition has prefixed to it an introduction, wherein the editor justifies the strong language used against the French; and notices the anonymous letter of a quaker, who censures all resistance on the occasion.

"† See a Sermon entitled, 'I am for Peace,' preached at Worship-street, June 1, 1802, being the appointed public

comes it to pass, that my present address must be of so different a complexion? For what reasons are we called to exchange the pacific strain which we then indulged, for the sound of the trumpet and the clangor of arms? Has peace ceased to possess her usual charms, or have we lost our relish for the mild and inoffensive spirit of christianity? No—an enemy hath done this!—We are called to arm in defence of our brethren—of our sons—of our daughters—of our wives—and of our houses. A foreign foe, elate with conquest, wishes to lead us, also, in the train of his captives. We are to be devastated with fire and sword; we are to be immolated on the altar of his ambition; we are to be pulled down from that high station which we have for ages held among the nations of the earth. In this situation, with such tremendous evils in view, the passage which I have just read points out the conduct you are to pursue: 'they helped every one his neighbour, and every one said unto his brother, Be of good courage!'

"Eminently social is the nature of man. No sooner had Adam been created by the Divine Being, and placed in the garden of Eden, than Eve was produced, to bear him company. And with respect to the first origin of society, we may infer, from the earliest accounts, that men quickly formed themselves into a community. Rulers were appointed, laws were instituted, and the most likely measures adopted to secure and promote the public welfare. Indeed, man, taken alone, abstracted from his species, is a feeble and wretched being. It may be questioned, how far either our faculties or our passions would evolve themselves, without the aid of society? but by our intercourse with each other, the divine spark of intellect is elicited, the glow of affection is lighted up, the whole energy of our nature bounds forth to action. Hence, in our social capacity, our joys are multiplied and our sorrows divided. In prosperity, we are more enlivened, in adversity, less depressed. This, history, sacred and profane, teaches; this, experience, both private and public, abundantly testifies.—'They helped every one his neighbour, and every one said unto his brother, Be of good courage!'

"But at so awful a crisis as the present, it will be asked, in what respects may EVERY ONE help his neighbour? What assistance can we render? How can it be best accomplished? A variety of answers might be returned; but, not to distract the attention, three modes of benefiting our country present themselves to our consideration: we may proffer our advice; our bodily strength; and every necessary proportion of our worldly property." p. 6.

Mr. E. then illustrates these three heads, and then recommends courage, from the justice of our cause, from the ample means of defence taken, and from the favour of the Divine Being. We have only to add the conclusion.

"I close this address, with congratulating you, and the rest of my countrymen, on a circumstance which may well give joy to us all; it is, that a spirit of unanimity pervades all ranks and descriptions of people, on this important occasion! Whatever dissentions, religious or political, may have prevailed, they are now no more! The rancorous spirit of party is laid asleep; would to God that I could say it were for ever extinguished! We forget our lines of discrimination, that we may join hand and heart in the salvation of our country! A pleasing proof of the truth of this declaration, respecting our unanimity, is, that the Prayer drawn up for the use of the Established Church this day, has a clause indicative of their good wishes for those who dissent from that establishment. Indeed, happy would it be, were this spirit of love and unity cherished on all occasions! religion and good government would then diffuse more widely its blessings.

"'Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!' 'Many things (says bishop Horne) are good which are not pleasant; and many pleasant which are not good. But unity among brethren, whether civil or religious, is productive both of profit and pleasure. Of profit, because therein consist the welfare and security of every society: of pleasure, because mutual love is the source of delight, and the

Thanksgiving for the peace. Price one shilling.—Symonds, Paternoster-Row.

happiness of one becomes in that case the happiness of all! It is unity which gives beauty as well as strength to the state; which renders the church at the same time fair as the moon and terrible as an army with banners.'

"The spirit of unanimity may be compared to that powerful cement which renders material substances hard enough to be polished, and thus makes them subservient to the useful and ornamental arts of life. Without that cohesive property even the precious metals themselves would be of little service to mankind. Thus is it in the moral and political world: without unanimity, every thing would remain loose and unconnected, running into disorder and confusion. It is this which imparts form and beauty to every design—life and permanency to every plan; it is indeed so essential a virtue, that it may be pronounced the parent of innumerable benefits to every community. But, blessed be God! this unanimity is ours, and that in a degree scarcely ever known at any former period in our history. Is it not then a 'token for good?' may it not be regarded as an indication of the divine favour towards this nation? would it be too much to add, that it is almost a sure proof that heaven is on our side, and that he will give a favourable issue to the contest? In examining the history of other nations, the want of unanimity preceded their destruction. The disunion of their constituent parts was followed by their entire dissolution. In ancient times, thus fell Greece and Rome; in modern times, Holland and Switzerland! Rejoice then, O Britain! that there is no want of union amongst your happy tribes; this symptom of decay, this forerunner of dissolution, this purple spot of death, cannot be found on this your country. Cherish devoutly that portion of health and vigour which remains, and all things will be well! Methinks I already see you having repelled the enemy from your shores, returning back to your wives, to your families, to your habitations, amidst the acclamations of the multitude, and your brows encircled with the laurels of victory!

'This northern isle, our native land,
Lies safe in the Almighty's hand;
Our foes of victory dream in vain,
And own the captivating chain.' *Watts.*

"Finally, you recollect the well known fable of the dying father calling his children round his bed, recommending them concord and unity, and, above all, cautioning them against falling out with each other. Having a bundle of rods, he gave it his sons, and bade them try their strength in breaking it asunder; they tried in vain: taking the rods into his own hands, he unloosed them, and laying hold of them separately, one by one, he with ease broke them asunder before their eyes! Any child in this assembly may apply this moral to the present state of our beloved country.

"We close the whole with a solemn petition to the Supreme Being, taken from the sacred writings: 'That he would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him, all the days of our life.' Amen." p. 26.

CXVII. *A* FAMILIAR CONVERSATION *on religious Bigotry, Candour, and Liberality: humbly intended as a Persuasive to greater Moderation, Union, and Peace, amongst the Followers of Christ. By* DAVID EATON. 8vo. 70 *pages.* 2*s. Vidler.*

FROM this truly christian publication we shall give the preface, where the author, though an unlettered man, thus explains his design with spirit and ability.

"PREFACE.

"It may be necessary that the author of the following pages should state some of the reasons which induced him to send them into the world. He does not recollect any thing written directly and exclusively on this highly interesting subject,* on the

"* The author wishes here to notice, with respect, two works of a similar nature; Mr. J. Evans's Sequel to his Sketch of the different Denominations into which the Christian World is divided; a work well calculated to promote candour and peace, and in which, by collecting together the testimony of a great

same plan, and in so small and cheap a form. He is aware that much has been said upon it, and well said too, by men the most respectable for their learning and abilities; but what they have written upon it is generally mixed or interspersed with other topics, and to be found only in more voluminous and expensive works, and which, for stile and manner, are more suitable for learned or very intelligent minds, than for common readers. These latter are the class of men for whom he writes, and to whom he wishes to render service, who, for their numbers, influence, and respectability, ought, in his opinion, to be regarded with the utmost attention and respect. No argumentation of a general, methodical, and prolix, nature can, as he conceives, be so well adapted to their time and circumstances, and to the purpose of extensive usefulness, as something short, cheap, and familiar. He has had, as well as others, frequently to regret, that where a work of this nature has been the most wanted, nothing of the kind has been at hand, or could be referred to, calculated to give some useful instruction, and, at the same time, answer plausible objections. The plan of dialogue has been chosen, as affording greater opportunity for the stating of objections. Experience proves, that, however sound and forcible any reasoning of a general kind may be in itself, yet if it does not reach a certain point in the mind, or affect the particular arguments which live, as it were, in the understanding of the reader or person addressed, as forming the very pillars of the scheme or sentiment opposed, while these remain unhurt, all such general reasoning, however excellent, will fail of answering its intended purpose. On the contrary, it will often happen that a lucky thrust, made in a random way, and by a simpler hand, will inflict a deeper wound on the objections of his opponent, so that they no longer shall be able to maintain their place in his esteem, or find a friendly reception in his mind. The author has endeavoured, according to his wish, and to the best of his recollection and abilities, to state impartially the leading arguments urged against the general conclusion here contended for. He has had only the promotion of truth in view, and he believes that truth is on his side: how far he has succeeded in his object, must be left to the judgment of the candid reader. He expects that the principle here enforced will, to many serious minds, appear dangerous, and of a bad tendency, as calculated to relax the energies of the mind, and to render it indifferent to truth and to the importance of christian principles; but these objections he has proved, he hopes, to be futile and groundless, and to proceed either from our prejudices, from an undue attachment to certain points, or to the not paying a serious, impartial, attention to the subject. He has never contended that all error is innocent; on the contrary, all error resulting from negligence or wilful prejudice is highly culpable. He has again noticed this broad distinction, because he well knows, that though his reasoning may not be easily confuted, it can be very easily misrepresented. The union of the religious world has long been a favourite object: it has been wished for by men of different characters, and from different motives, in every age of the church. The only serious enquiry was, how it was to be effected. To make all men think alike by persuasion, was found to be impossible; nothing then remained but the exertions of power and the sword of the magistrate: the demon of persecution was called in, the vilest passions were let loose, and every engine of torture employed, but all in vain. History and experience both concur in testifying the utter inability of racks and tortures, fines and forfeitures, with every other expedient of power or fraud, to maintain the unity of the

number of eminent writers of different persuasions, in favour of mutual charity, Mr. E. has rendered considerable service to the religious public. Also, An humble Attempt to promote Union and Peace among Christians, by inculcating the Principles of Christian Liberty, by Mr. Wright, of Wisbeach; in which the worthy author has treated the subject with great knowledge and ability. Had not the present attempt been far advanced, and differed materially in its plan, when that work made its appearance, it would certainly have been superseded by it: it is earnestly recommended to every person who wishes to become acquainted with the subject.

faith and the peace of the church, or yet to controul the exercise of the free-born mind of man. Persecution may make men slaves or hypocrites, but can never engage the heart or convince the judgment. It was reserved for more enlightened times, when the knowledge and spirit of the gospel shall have obtained a greater spread, to accomplish so great and desirable an object: not by the cruel tortures of power, or the abject degradation of every thing that is noble in the rational mind or generous in the human heart, but by the wide diffusion of the spirit of religious liberty, by the endearing influence of charity and peace; not by the chain of slavery and ignorance, but by the ties of friendship, mutual forbearance, and love; and happy shall those men be who, by their wisdom, labours, and example, shall be the illustrious performers of so glorious a work. Their venerable names and labours of love shall be immortalized and held in everlasting remembrance: they shall live in the grateful affections of a grateful posterity; for they, in truth (under divine Providence), will be the great and real pacificators of the world. Under the reign of kindness and brotherly affection, the peace of the religious world would be secured, and the jarring passions of men laid to rest; the voice of the oppressor would not be heard, personal religion would be cherished and alone applauded, and all bitterness, rancour, and jealousy, would be banished the bosoms of the disciples of Christ; the scoffer of religion would be dumb and ashamed, while infidelity would scowl back to the cave of oblivion; a truer value would be placed upon integrity, moral worth, and excellence, wherever found, as the very substance and perfection of all religion. But these happy days can never come, so long as salvation is made to depend upon an agreement in doctrinal and speculative matters—

'That fatal spear on which our peace expires.'

It is not persecution of which we now so much complain: increasing light and the good sense of mankind now happily despise it: it has lived its day, and it has been a long one; we trust it has now gone to its own home —in the regions of darkness—may it rest there undisturbed. It is from a want of candour and liberality of mind that our greatest evils spring; and it is this chiefly which demands our attention. May it be our happiness, though in the humble character of pioneers, to do something towards clearing of the ground, however small our progress, while labouring and splashing in the mire of human passions and errors, or struggling in the sink of human ignorance, prejudice, and bigotry. It is some encouragement, that our merit does not depend on our success, but in the uprightness of our intentions and exertions. The author of the following sheets has not the vanity to think that he has added much that is new on the subject, tho' he trusts that this small work, with all its defects, may, from its popular manner, be found, in the absence of something more excellent, useful to the promotion of christian candour and goodness, as the only possible ground of union and friendship to all good men."

"*Billericay. July* 30, 1803."
p. viii.

It is our sincere wish that all publications thus designed to diminish hatred and promote love amongst christians should obtain a very general circulation: they benefit essentially both individuals and the community.

CVII. A VIEW *of Modern France, and British Traveller's Guide from London to Paris, containing the most minute Information for Travellers, from the moment of their intending to leave London, to their arrival and during their stay in Paris; with Forms of Passports, and every necessary instruction respecting them, &c. Illustrated with Maps and an Engraving.* By DAVID MORRICE. *Sm.* 8*vo.* 370 *pages.* 6*s. Hatchard.*

(Continued from page 496.*)*

FROM this pleasing performance, we add the anecdotes of Bonaparte.

"The First Consul, a Corsican by birth, and thirty-three years of age, is a well-made little man, with fine

fine teeth and hands, black eyes, and a nose something approaching to the Roman; complexion very sallow, and cheeks sunk in; features sharp. He wears his dark-brown hair combed down in front, and cropped very short behind, and round the ears. He keeps a firm and graceful seat on horseback, and his person is then seen to most advantage. He has an intelligent spirit in his countenance, and an eye that bespeaks an uncommon mind. At the grand parade, he generally wears a plain cocked hat, and blue coat with a scarlet collar, white waistcoat, and nankeen or white kerseymere pantaloons, and half-boots. His white charger was the trained favourite of Louis the sixteenth.

"Of his energetic mode of expressing himself, the following is an instance. Soon after his attaining the chief power, some of the Jacobin agents waited upon him, in the name of the whole body, to dissuade him from making peace, till monarchy was totally annihilated. 'What, gentlemen, (said the hero) you have revolutionised France, and the greatest part of Europe, and you still want fresh revolutions. Go and tell these gentlemen, from me, that I have ten thousand tried troops in Paris; and if I had but fifteen hundred, I should find no difficulty in crushing them.'—I shall give it in French also, as the speech loses by a translation.

"Quoi Messieurs, vous avez revolutionné la France, et la plus grande partie de l'Europe, et vous voulez encore des revolutions. Allez dire à ces Messieurs, de ma part, que j'ai dix mille hommes de troupes elites à Paris, et que si je n'avois que quinze cents, je scaurois bien les *ecraser*.'

"When dictating letters or dispatches to his secretaries, he generally holds a penknife open in his hand, and digs it violently into the arm of his chair, which is entirely disfigured by this practice.

"A foreigner (a German) was talking very vociferously in a coffee-house, one evening, on the subject of Bonaparte's usurpations. A spy in company, went immediately to Cambaceres, the second Consul, and informed him, who, to make a merit of it, went immediately to the first Consul, who happened then to be in town, and related the business to him. 'I knew it half an hour ago,' answered Bonaparte, 'but these things are beneath my notice; let the politicians talk, and I will act.'

"When *Bourienne*, his private secretary, hinted to him, that the weight of business was too great, and hat he should be glad to have an assistant; Bonaparte, looking him full in the face, replied briefly, 'There is one too many already, entrusted with the important secrets of the Republic; but I cannot do every thing myself.'

"At the battle of Marengo, all the kettle drummers of a division of cavalry were killed, except one about fourteen years of age. This boy, without orders, beat a charge, and the cavalry advanced. Enquiry was immediately made who had given the order, but no satisfactory account could be had. The cavalry, however, charged with success, and after the battle, Bonaparte ordered the drummer before him, and asked him, how he had dared, without order, to beat the charge. The boy quickly replied, 'General, I saw a fine opportunity for the division to advance, and no orders were given; I could not resist the temptation, and, did beat the charge.'—'My noble boy,' replied the Consul, 'you gave a lesson to your General, and I will reward you for it.' He immediately made him chief drummer of his favourite regiment of chasseurs, commanded by young Beauharnois, his step-son, and the boy always appears in a superb dress at the parade, with his drums and horse most beautifully adorned with silk and ribbons, gilt ornaments, &c. and he never passes the first Consul, in filing off, without a marked nod and a smile. He will no doubt soon be made an officer."

(To be concluded in our next.)

A COM-

A COMPLETE

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